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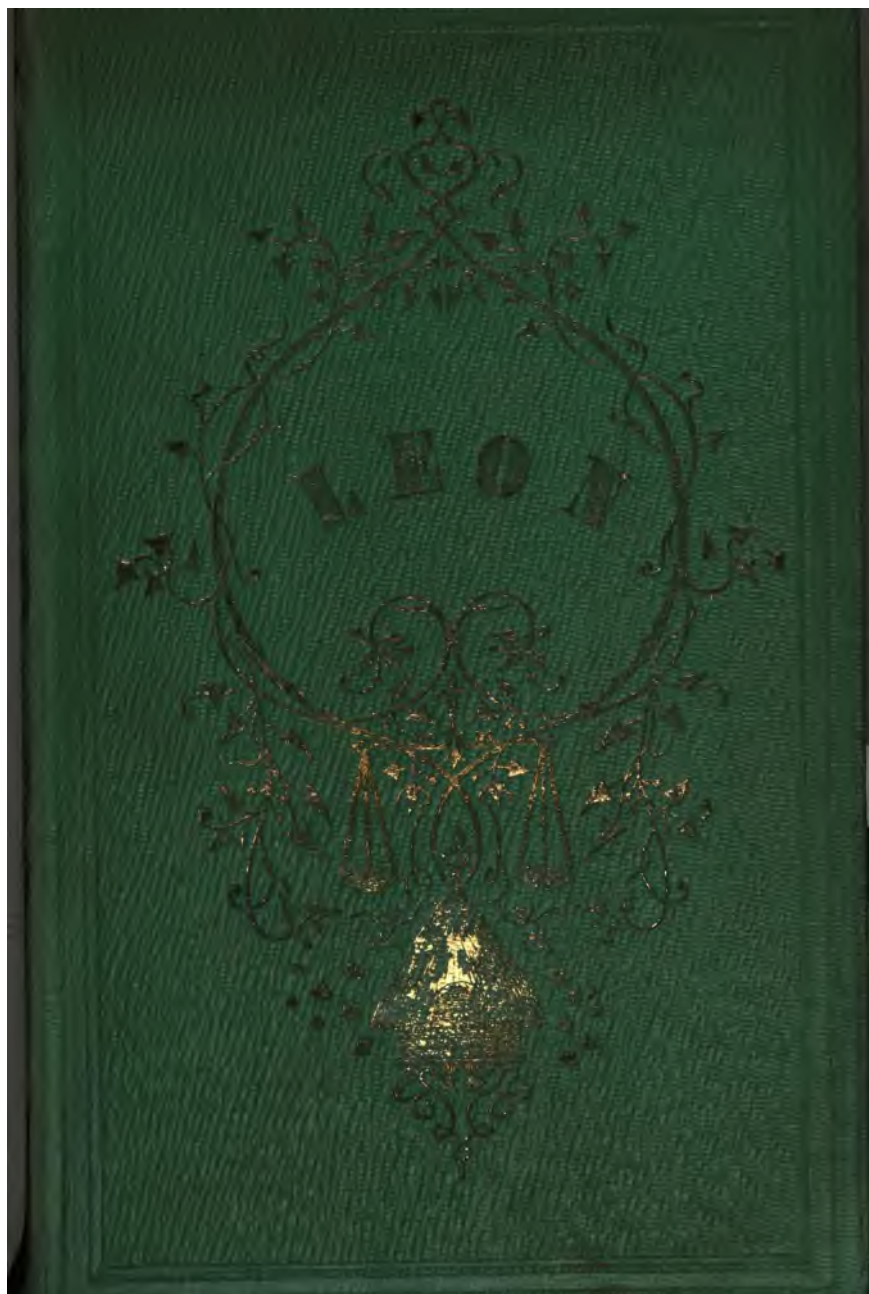
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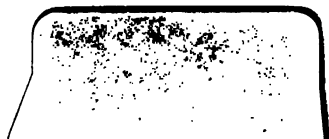
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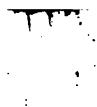
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LEON;

OR,

OLD PAUL'S TREASURE.

A GUIDE TO YOUNG MERCHANT-MEN
SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS.

Thos

BY ONESIMUS,

AN ELDER BROTHER.

LONDON :
DARTON & CO., HOLBORN HILL.

1854.

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W. LEWIS AND SON, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL.

TO

MASTER FRANCIS HAROLD ———

MY LITTLE BROTHER,

You remember that day when I was playing in the garden with you, and Wallace, and Julius? What work I had to catch Wallace! not only because he runs very well, but having placed that large flower-bed between himself and me, as soon as I went towards one end, he skipped to the other, so that I had nothing for it, but to run a great risk of losing him, by chasing-him all round. Now, I want to catch both you, and Julius, and Wallace, and ever so many more if I can, with this little book of mine. But if you say, what so many do in their hearts, "O, we can't mind God and play too,"—why, you will just be setting your play like a flower-bank between you and me, so that, very likely I shall lose you altogether.

One day, I was walking up with my little friend here, Willie, and his sisters, talking somewhat after the manner of old Paul, about a certain Treasure, when their desire to know what it was rose to such a height, that Willie declared, "he would throw his cap right up into that tree—he would, indeed," if I did not tell him. After awhile, I asked them, would they be sure to look for it, if I told them. "O yes, they would." I did tell them, and one directly asked me for something else to find out; yet I think, when once we know what this treasure is, we may go on finding more and more its worth, and never find it all.

Your affectionate brother,

ONESIMUS.

May 9th, 1854.



LEON ;

OR,

OLD PAUL'S TREASURE.

PRELUDE.

CHILDREN, do you love churchyards ? I do. For I love to see all things at peace, from the wide sloping fields, to the gentle violet on its bed. So, I love to see a child asleep. So, I love to hear the yew tree lulling the quiet graves.

I was tired, for I had walked long ; and now, as I paced the road down the gentle vale from fiercer mountains, the river sang me its song, " Peace, peace," and the trees murmured, " peace, peace." I paused ; I wanted to be one with the fields and air around ; I almost longed to grow quietly

like a tree, and murmur "peace, peace to him that was nigh, and to those who were afar off." On the other side of the river and the vale, high up among the trees, but below the towering crags of the mountain, there were the cold walls and gleaming windows of a hall or castle, with its single square tower and turret, and as the sun sank downward—downward, those windows gleamed ever brighter from the grey and fading stone walls, like the eyes of a good man piercing the night of death, till I loved the building with its grey walls, I loved the dying sun and his chariot clouds, I loved the singing river, the murmuring trees, I loved the children whose silver echoes rang athwart the evening glory, I loved all hoary men who seemed so like this golden eve, I loved all men, women and children far off on land and sea, I loved myself, I loved my God, and gave to Him the glory. Glory to God! I was not alone; for the sun, the trees, the

river sang with me, and from topmost heaven angels answered, "Glory to God in the highest!"

But I was not a tree; so I could not stand rooted all night. I moved on round a hill that projected into the vale, and came upon the little village of Moring, with its lowly church, its three ancient yews, its graveyard bordering on the stream, its neat inn, its substantial cottages and farm-houses. But, as I said before, I love churchyards; and not even the neat inn could draw me past the ivy-covered porch that shades the gate. The road ran between the church and the hill, so wandering from it, I trod slowly by the church windows, looking in upon its stone-roofed aisle and solemn wood-work; I stood beneath the shadow of the monarch yew tree, and thought. Presently, three children came in and walked down on the side of the church opposite to that on which I stood. I also walked downward toward

the water. I passed the east end, and came into view of a noble sycamore, which towered upward with its piles of autumn foliage to such a height, that its head reached beyond the shadow of the hill, and shone bright with the beams of the setting sun beyond. And thinking of somewhat that a poet has said, "So," murmured I, "I wish that, when I was mourning, I could leave the darkness below, and drink in the sunlight of heaven."

But beneath the shadow the three children were gathered, looking through the rails at a tomb, which was protected from the weather both by the thick shelter of the tree, and by a light elegant roof thrown over it. I drew near, and with them gazed silently. And still, as the beauty of the monument grew upon me, I almost held my breath to drink it in. For there was sculptured in the marble a female sitting on the ground, whose face bent downward with

look of appalling grief, while with his head in her lap a boy reclined, not easily, but with one leg drawn up, and one hand pressed to his side as if in exquisite pain. But, the face; O, the face of that childish figure! how can I tell you of it? It was not its beauty alone, though that was great, but its thrilling expression, as it beamed upwards toward the heavens, told its own tale, not alone of glories to come, but of agonising pangs past, now subsiding in a holy calm; pangs that made the brightness that marble eye saw beyond, tenfold more blissful.

“Can you tell me what this is for?” said I to one of the children.

“It is ——;” but what he told me, and what I gathered in a week’s stay at Moring, I will now tell you.

BEGINNING.

THE gardens at Moring Hall rejoiced in the light of a bright summer day, and all the flowers looked gay and beautiful. All told of health and joy. Even the gardener broiling beneath the sun, hard at work, seemed to enjoy it. But not far off the place where he was working, was a different picture. A boy lay upon a garden seat; a hoop was thrown upon the ground beside him, and with the stick he kept striking the seat, as if he sadly wanted something better to do; a bending tree shaded him from the sun, and you would have thought it a very delightful place, but he seemed to think otherwise. He had on a scarlet tunic, which with his silver buckled belt, and all about him,

said, "this boy is rich and well off." His face said, "this boy is not happy." His broad hat was lying on the walk. The handkerchief from his neck was hung on a bough; one shoe was off, and his light hair hung disorderly, and slightly curling, over his pale forehead and blue eyes. A little dog ran up to him, and at first he played with it, then drove it away. Then he lay down, looking at the gardener, who still worked on. Presently he got up, and with one shoe off and the other on, walked towards the man, who was cutting the grass on a small grass plot.

"Peter," said he, lying down on the grass near him, "Peter, what dreadful weather this is."

"Well, its awful hot, Master Leon, for certain; but it ripens the fruit first rate."

"Peter," said Leon after awhile, "what should I do?"

"Well, if I was you, Master Leon, I would

put that other shoe on, for you are not used to walking bare-foot on Dame Nature's carpet."

Now, Peter was a tall, straight-backed, important looking gardener, who thought himself very clever, and wanted every one else to think so too. That was the reason why he always used the longest words he knew, and would boast that it sometimes puzzled a young gentleman of Master Leon's education to understand him; though that was not so wonderful, when it was considered that the said Master Leon was only turned eight years of age.

"But I don't know where it is, Peter. I lost it somewhere about that seat," he said, somewhat pettishly. "I kicked it off. I wish I could kick all my clothes off, I do. I am so hot."

"But man in a civilized condition, Master Leon, is not accustomed habitually to such deprivation, and a young gentleman like you

who ought to be the highest civilized like, will certainly take cold amongst the grass without a shoe." So saying, Peter stalked off, and soon returned with the missing shoe.

"But, Peter," said Leon, after another silence, "what *should* I do?"

"Why—play. Recreation is natural to man in the juvenile stage."

"But, Peter, I have no one to play with."

"Aye," said Peter, "the preacher at our meeting is a wonderful genius. He began his sermon last Sunday evening by observing, 'Man is a gregarious animal.'"

"I don't believe man is an animal at all;" said Leon, who did not know what gregarious meant. "I'm not one. You may be one, Peter, if you like."

Then followed a learned argument on this point. But that stopped, and they were silent again.

"Peter, I wish I had some one to play with."

"I wish you had," said Peter, grumbling inwardly.

"Once, Tom Mason came up here from the village, and I made him stop and play with me; but mamma would not let him come again."

There was silence again, which was broken by a distant shout of children's voices, sounding across the river and up through the trees.

"That's the children running out of school;" said Leon. "I wish I was there."

"Ah!" said Peter, looking at his watch. He only thought of the passing time.

"They have plenty to playwith;" mourned Leon. "Nobody cares for me." And he turned his face towards the grass, resting his forehead on his arm.

"Well, don't cry, Master Leon;" said Peter, who began to have some pity for him, and looked up from his work. "Why, see,

here is Flos coming up, with all the attachment peculiar to the canine species."

Yet still Leon rested his forehead on his arm, and his tears flowed down; but they watered flowers, and so do many tears. Then he got up, and wandered sighing back to his seat. Soon after, Peter went away.

Then there was a cry heard, as of some one in distress, which was presently repeated, and a loud sobbing.

Leon lifted up his head, and Peter appeared, dragging with him a little girl of nine or ten years of age, to whom he was delivering a terrible lecture on the sin of trespassing in a civilized state of society.

"Peter," cried Leon, "what is the matter with that little girl?"

"Why, for certain, she must be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, as the board says."

"No she shan't, Peter. Just you let her alone."

“But, Master Leon—”

“I don’t care. Just you let her alone, Peter ;” and he sprang up.

“But, Master Leon, Mr. Edwards gave me strict orders that all persons apprehended trespassing—”

“I should think this was not Mr. Edwards’ garden, though. It is a great shame, Peter ; you ought to let her alone when I tell you.” Now, Mr. Edwards was the steward and chief ruler of a great many matters at Moring Hall. Leon had no father, and his mother did not trouble herself much about these things.

“Well,” said Peter, “I suppose you must have your own way ; only I must go and inform Mr. Edwards about it.”

“Go, as fast as you like ;” said Leon. Then turning to the girl, he led her off with him.

“Never mind ;” said he. “Mr. Edwards daren’t say anything to you. You know I

have a right to do what I like here. Papa is dead, and mamma says everything is mine now; only she takes care of them for me, till I grow up to be a man."

"O, I never wanted to go a-trespassing, as Mr. Minshull says." This was Peter's surname, and he was a wise man in the village.

"Well, never mind. They shan't put you in prison; because if they do, I'll go with you, I will for certain;" which last expression was adopted from Mr. Peter Minshull. The mention of the prison revived the girl's fears, but the gallant determination of Master Leon had some effect in driving them away; then he led her through many sunny and shady places; she followed him as night follows day, though twenty minutes before, when she was on the other side of the hedge, he had lain sorrowing like a raining night, and she had been laughing in the gladsome day. This was nature. But children's nights

are short, even though they go to bed at seven, and rise not until the same hour, so by the time Leon, in his wanderings, had reached and thrown himself at the foot of a glorious oak, the girl had grown happy like him.

"It is a great shame of that old Peter; he always tries to do things that I don't like." Poor straight-backed Peter! he did not deserve that. O! Leon, Leon, if you look at things through green spectacles—why, they will look green. Then, after a while, "I could take you where they could not find you if they wanted," he said. "I don't believe Peter knows all the places in the grounds that I know. I find them out when I play by myself. But now you'll play with me, won't you? What is your name?"

"Nora Fairly. But, Master Leon, I daren't play here."

"Daren't! what for? If that old Peter

says anything to you, just tell me. You know I can do what I like here."

"But Lady Moring—"

"Mamma!" echoed Leon, and his countenance fell. "Well, but I must have some one to play with me. Mayn't you play with any one, Nora?"

"O yes; but then it is different with you."

"How would you like to have no one to play with?" asked Leon, gloomily, and the tables were completely turned. It was night with Leon, and only a gloomy day with Nora. They looked at each other, they looked away from each other, and each loved the other, yet knew not what to say. But Leon rested his head on the green slope round the tree's roots. "My head aches," he said. "My head always aches every day; and I have no one to play with, and no one cares for *me*." Then he ~~rested~~ his face upon his arm, and wept.

"O! Master Leon, *I* care for you," said

Nora, leaning over him ; and they were friends from that time. So they walked once more and talked together, and grew more cheerful. Then a bell rang, and Leon said he must go and get ready for dinner. And she laughed at his dinner-time being her tea-time. So he took her by a dark way behind the trees, which brought them to a sheltered place where trees and bushes and flowering plants hung over them, and just a little view could be caught of a piece of the valley below, with its silver stream, and a wooded glen on the other side going up among the trees. Not far off, there was a little gate in the wall, that led into a wood beyond.

“Here,” said Leon, “they never come here ; and this gate is hardly ever used. So you come here to-morrow, and this shall be our castle. I’ll come and look for you. I have to learn lessons till twelve o’clock, but then I’ll come out and look for you.”

And with many more words he persuaded her, even till servants were sent out to search for him ; but going through the trees, he reached a turret door, and up a winding stair gained his own room.

THE SEA KING.

GLOOMY old Saul, the King of Israel, felt more happy when David played his harp. And every man, woman and child who has a voice, can play a music which, to some ears around them, will sound more sweet than golden harps. So it was that, at least for a time, headache and sorrow flew away when Nora's voice sounded pleasantly in Leon's ear, for they met in their castle next day, and Nora lingered, till she was late for her afternoon school. Leon went up to the terrace that was in front of the hall, and watched her cross the river on some stepping stones, that led more directly to the school than the bridge, that was near the church. And he wished that he was like

the village children, and went to school with her ;—then that he was the butterfly, which fluttered over the flowers beneath him, for then he could follow her with his fairy wings and cross the river, and creep through the keyhole of the school-door ;—till a lady from a window above, called “ Leon ! Leon ! ” Then he awoke, and running round to the turret door, went up to a room in the square tower, which opened to his bedroom. This room was furnished lightly, but elegantly. Here, Leon studied his lessons. Here, he played in cold and rainy weather, driving unseen horses, and fighting unseen foes.

In after years, that room would seem a strange old kingdom of the days gone by, where giants and wondrous forms grew to dread dimensions in the misty distance. The window looked upon the terrace below, and the gardens below that, and the whole vale of Moring below these.

“ Leon, Leon, my child, how you do

dream ! I called three times before ever you heard me."

"I was thinking, mamma."

"Yes, my boy, I wish you would let that forehead of yours rest. You have thought all the roses from your cheeks. You should play, and not think."

"I have no one to play with."

"Poor boy ! I'm sorry for you, with such beautiful gardens, and such sunny weather ; all things to please you, and yet you cannot amuse yourself. Think how glad the boys in the village would be for such a place to play in."

"But they have plenty to play with, mamma."


"Oh ! Leon, Leon, did not Mr. Faram tell you, that discontent would make heaven into hell ? Play with the butterflies, child ; play with the flowers."

"Well, but how can I ? They don't understand, and they can't speak to me."

“O yes, they can, my boy ; I’m afraid you can’t understand *them*.”

Leon Adolphus Reinault Moring was like a little flower growing on a great, black, strong, old tree trunk, or like a silver streamlet come down from dark, old mountains far away ; for long ago, (they say) there had been an old sea-king, who swept the seas in his might and made his strong hold in the storm ; and he landed on the coast, killing the people who tried to drive him off. Then he became lord of the land around, and built himself a castle near the sea. But then, a great man with thousands of soldiers came against him, and battered at the gate till it shook and rattled with their blows. And the sea-king’s men grew pale, for they were fewer in number than the foe ; so they prayed their master that they might escape by their ships. But he laughed them to scorn, and said if they spoke another such word, he would hang them all from the walls, for

he had force enough to defend the castle without them. That night, when the sun went down, the flames from his burning ships flared across the sea, the battering at the gates clanged louder, and a roaring storm began to rise. But the sea king laughed aloud, and ordered a banquet to be set in the dining-hall. And his servants trembled, but obeyed. Then, while the fleet flared on the sea, and the castle towered black in the gloom, and the battering clanged at the gates, and the storm howled and whistled round the turrets, a strange light danced from the windows of the dining hall, and unearthly laughs echoed from the roof, till, just as a tremendous thrust laid open the yawning gate, the whole castle mounted into the air, while the revelry rose to maddened yells, and walls, towers and all flew through the air, till they rested on the hill above Moring village, where, even to this day, a blackened and burnt tower remains. And after that, the sea-king seemed like a



man not his own. But one night, a fiery army came through the sky ; then, though he shrieked to his men to stand to the walls, they would not, but ran away, carrying with them his son, who was a little boy. Then the castle flamed to the sky, and the sea-king was never heard of more. But his son grew up, and built a castle where Moring Hall now stands. And afterwards, his descendants became friends of the king of the land, and were born and died, one after another ; till at last Sir Canute Moring arose, and married the daughter of the Earl of Waring ; and he also died when his only child, the little Leon Adolphus, was three years of age.

Some of the country people believed the tale about the flying castle, and told it round the winter hearths on windy, howling nights, till the children shivered in their beds. But Mr. Faram (he was the clergyman) said that, at least, it had the moral of all such tales—

that they who, to avoid an evil, seek help in a wrong way, may gain their purpose, but will be injured, or perhaps ruined, by the help they seek.

But Leon, the last of the Morings, the only little green shoot at the top of a great dead, scarred old tree, (for his fathers had been men of war from their youth, and their hand had been against every man, and every man's hand against them,) Leon, I say, was very lonely ; for though he had cousins at Waring Castle, that was a long way off. Mr. Faram had no children, and Dr. Heald's were grown up, and it was considered, from some right principle, and a good deal of wrong, that he had better have no society at all than that of those greatly below him, as far as this world is concerned. Therefore it was, that, though time, now when Nora was with him, flowed on like a silver stream, the shadow of the trees was blacker than before when she was gone, and their loneliness more

lonely—strangely enough from this fact, that Leon was no longer alone, for he was divided against himself, and had become two, that is to say, his conscience was on one side, and he on the other, and how they did fight, to be sure! “Leon, Leon, obey your mother, ‘That thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee:’” thus spoke one voice in silence, not very distinctly, but mixing up feelings of uneasiness with words that he repeated to his mother on Sundays. “Leon, Leon, it is very lonely,” sighed the trees; and they had their way. But when Nora was there, the music of her voice drowned all gloomier sounds, and he was a king in his castle, while she was his queen, and they were served by innumerable servants in brilliant dresses, who had this advantage, they made themselves invisible to every one but their king and queen. They hunted together, they found flying stags, where the last horned monarch of the woods

had wept his death tears long ago. Then, he was the sea-king of old, and the trees of the wood were the masts of his fleet; but when Nora was afraid of the army crowding round his gates, and asked him to let her flee to the ships, he laughed her to scorn; but they dared not act the midnight banquet; however, they let the castle fly through the air, and at last, when Leon saw the flaming army coming through the sky, and called out to Nora to stand to the walls, but she would not, and ran away with a doll, which was the heir to the castle, and Leon was left by himself, what Mr. Faram had said about the moral of it, would come up, and a distant dim notion of some application to his own case, for here he was seeking help, certainly in a wrong way.

One day, when they were in the middle of a grand feast in their hall, a lady's voice was heard, not far off, calling for Leon.

“That’s mamma,” said he. “Hush!

don't you speak. Here ; this way, quick ! we'll soon get away."

So saying, he almost dragged her through the trees, till they came upon a dark walk, that led up from the gate into the wood we have spoken of, along the wall which bounded the grounds ; then he struck off to the right, and they were almost upon the open space where stood the oak on a knoll, when they saw that Peter was working there.

"Quick !" said Leon, again, and turning up to the left, he led her round through the kitchen gardens behind the house, to the pleasure grounds on the other side. Here, a little ravine went down the hill, and a stream tumbled through it. He led her to the bottom. Here stood two rocks, pretty close together, and a tree grew by, which threw its branches over the opening. Leon pulled one of these aside and went in, drawing Nora after him.

"Now then, that will do, for certain ;"

said he. "We've been driven away from our castle by our enemies, eh! hav'nt we? because they had a greater army than us, you know. All kings have to run away, sometimes; but, then, they have a secret place where they can go to; and this will be ours, won't it?"

But Nora did not enter into it with as much spirit as Leon would have liked. They stayed there some time, and then Leon thought they might go back to their castle; he stepped out. Some distance down the ravine, the carriage drive up to the hall crossed, with a bridge over the stream, after coming slanting up the hill from the valley opposite the bridge by the church. Over the bridge in the ravine, a gentleman was now walking, and as he looked up, the bright colour of Leon's dress caught his eye.

"Why, Nora, there is Mr. Faram; don't come out!" For Nora was putting her head out. "I declare, he is beckoning me;" said

he, taking off his hat, and bowing in answer to Mr. Faram. "What shall I do? I believe he wants me."

"Go to him;" said Nora. "I'll stop here, and then you can come back and show me the way out."

"But if I go in, I shall have to stop in, very likely, all day. O, never mind, he has gone on. Now for our castle!" So he led the way back.

"Well, I must go now, Master Leon;" said Nora.

"Go! why its Saturday afternoon."

"But, my Aunt Mason says it is not right for me to come here in this way, without your mamma knowing."

"What do I care about your Aunt Mason?"

"But, Master Leon, if we do what is wrong this way, where shall we go when we die?"

"Don't preach to me, Mrs. Methodist." This was learnt from his cousin, Lord Cloudesly.

“ Well, as to preaching, Master Leon, I’m just saying what’s right, and I’ll say that before anybody.”

“ And what in the world did you tell that old stick for ?” meaning Mrs. Mason.

“ I never did tell her. I met her in the wood as I was going away, and she found it out. But she said she would tell no one.”

“ But, Nora, you *must* play with me. I can’t do without you.”

“ Well, I don’t see any ‘must’ in it, Master Leon.”

“ You ought to do what I tell you, Nora; you live on my land.”

“ Why, father always says it’s his, when he pays for it.”

“ I think your father is very rude !”

“ It’s no use, Master Leon ; I never thought it was right ; but I’m not going to do it any more.”

“ Well, then, be off with you ; you little ungrateful thing.”

“Good bye, sir, you’ll say different to that when you’re not in such a passion.”

So saying, she passed out of the little gate, and ran quickly down the path through the wood. Leon stood silent for a moment, in a passion of anger and disappointment ; then a sudden impulse came to him to follow her. He had never been outside the grounds by himself, and he was forbidden to pass any of the gates ; but now, all this was as nothing, and he darted lightly through the gate, and down the wild path so hurriedly, that just where it divided into two branches, he stumbled over a tree root, and fell headlong.

STRAY BLOSSOMS.

“If you will pardon me giving you my opinion, madam, loneliness, or even the company of those who are much superior in age, is not the thing to form the character you desire.”

“Ah! you are speaking of his want of companions, Mr. Faram. My poor Leon! He certainly is sometimes greatly distressed for playfellows. Really, it is hardly a laughing matter, and yet, sometimes it seems quite ridiculous.”

“How so, my lady?”

“Why, he would, I verily believe, sell his birthright, to have the society of the little heroes of the village.”

At this moment, they heard the furious barking of a little dog at some distance across the grounds. They were sitting at a window on the side of the house towards Leon's castle, and the noise was in that direction. Lady Moring opened the window and looked out. "I am almost sure it is my Leon's little dog, Flos. What *can* he be after ? though he is not a boy for much mischief. The only thing he does in that way, is hurting himself, and tearing his clothes in his rambles in that ravine, which I can not keep him out of."

"They will, perhaps, put more mischief into him at Eton or Harrow than you will like," said Mr. Faram, smiling. By this time the barking had ceased, and all was quiet.

"I am foolish, perhaps, but I am rather uneasy about Leon ; I have never seen him since he went out this morning, and when I was out I called him, but could not find him."

"Allow me," said Mr. Faram ; "I know the grounds pretty well."

"O dear, no !" and she rang a bell. A servant appeared. "Ring Master Leon's bell. He is long in coming."

"There ! I saw his hat this moment above the bushes ; here he comes over the grass."

"He has stopped running ;" said Lady Moring. "He walks as if hurt in some way."

When Leon came to himself after the fall, which stunned him, the first thing he saw was the face of Nora bending over him.

"O, he *is* alive !" she exclaimed, fairly clapping her hands in glee. "See, he opens his eyes. Master Leon, don't you know me?"

"Yes, Nora ;" and he smiled eloquently. "I told stories just now."

"No, no ! it was my fault."

"No, bless his heart ; he would tell no stories," said an old woman, who was standing over him also. And there was her hus-

band, a fine old man, whose silver hairs were indeed a crown of glory ; whose coarse rugged garments, and bending body, could not destroy the majesty of his appearance ; while his eyes and face beamed with a holy kindness, which seemed the fruit of well nigh a century of godliness on earth ; the promise or, rather, the first light of an everlasting joy, which was even now opening before his face. Leon's eye rested uneasily first on one, and then on the other, but seemed to meet more rest on the countenance of the old man. Then turning to Nora, he asked, almost in a whisper, " Where am I, Nora?"

" Safe, my little boy, and not far from home ;" said the old man.

" In Paul Lovejoy's," said Nora ; and he had heard of old Paul—Father Paul, whom all men, women and children loved, and whom, no boy would pass without taking off his cap, and no girl without her curtsey ; he was nearly ninety years of age, and could

still walk about with a firm step, even carrying a tolerable weight, and see, and hear, and speak distinctly ; his mind was as clear, and his spirit as deep, as the cloudless sky of a summer sunset ; his dark eyes looked so mildly from the wrinkles of his face, and so happily, that few people in Moring feared becoming old.

“Thee should go and tell them at the Hall, Nora.” Nora looked at Leon.

“O no, sir, if you please. Don’t, Nora.”

“But, my little fellow, how will you get home ?”

“O, I can walk. I’m better now.” And he moved his head away from the old woman, who was pressing a penny against a rather formidable lump on it.

“I see how it is, little master. Well, well, rest awhile till thee can walk properly, and I’ll sit by and tell thee a story.”

Leon was lying on the bed, and at the other end of the cottage a turf fire burnt on

a wide hearth, and the smoke went up a chimney which extended the whole width of the cottage at that end. A large kettle hung by a hook over the fire, and one or two cupboards of dark old wood were fixed against the walls. The window was in a deep recess, round which went a seat, and in which a table stood. So old Paul sat down by Leon, and Nora stood holding her bonnet by the strings, with her eyes fixed on Paul, and old Bridget bustled about like a railway engine running up and down the lines at a station, when you cannot for your life imagine what the object of its movements is, but it seems to have one, nevertheless.

“Once on a time, my little boy, a fair blossom grew on a tree, and it gave promise of fine fruit, more beautiful than the others about. But the gardener thought it would be lost by swinging loosely in the wind, and he was going to tie it fast. But the blossom fretted, and said, ‘I can’t be tied; I must

swing about as I like.' And so the man said, 'Well, I suppose you must have your own way;' and let it loose. That night, my little boy, the wind blew loud, and the blossom trembled as it waved to and fro, but at last, when a furious gust gave the branch a sudden twist, the little blossom—poor little thing—fell to the ground, and was trampled under foot."

"Because it would not be tied?" asked Leon.

"Yes, little master; for if it had not waved so loosely, it would not have fallen."

"But I don't let the blossoms on *my* trees do that way, Paul. I have some trees of my very own, and Peter nails them fast to the wall."

"That's right. But there are some blossoms that will one of these days flower into men;—" Leon started up and listened, "There is my bell; I can walk now."

"I hear no bell," said Paul; "and my

ears are reckoned pretty good for an old man's."

"But it is, though; Nora, don't you hear?"

"I wasn't listening, Master Leon."

"But it rings still, Nora. Here, I *must* go. I'm much obliged to you, Paul; you are very kind to me."

"Quite welcome, little master; I was brought up a gardener before I was a soldier, and I love blossoms."

"Do you? then you shall come and see my trees when they are in blossom. That apple tree looks as if it was a heap of flowers."

"Ah! I should like to see them very much."

And Leon went out, but found he could not skip lightly as he had come down the path; he felt more dizzy and confused when he got up, than he had done when lying down. Old Paul was following, but when Leon reached the doorway he staggered, and grasping at the doorpost, cried, "O, Nora,

help me." Nora ran to his side, but Paul caught him.

"I almost think old Paul has strength enough to carry thee yet;" he said, raising him in his arms. And, indeed, poor Leon, though tall for his age, was so light and slender, that his weight was by no means more than that of the wood which old Paul still continued sturdily to carry day by day. So he bore Leon up the steps that led from the cottage yard, into which he had fallen, and so up to the little gate. Here, Leon would suffer him to go no further, and struggled to free himself.

"I can walk, I can walk, Paul, now. Indeed, you must not take me any further."

"I can help Master Leon now very well;" said Nora, who understood Leon's reasons.

"Well, well," answered Paul, setting him down, and breathing heavily, "I see all blossoms are pretty much alike."

"You are very good to me;" said Leon.

"I like you. But aren't you very poor, Paul?"

"No, my little boy, I am rich ; very rich. I found a treasure many years ago." And he smiled a benignant smile ; but Nora says he then looked up to the sky. There must have been something sublime in that look.

"But, Paul, what do you live in that place for, then ; and why have you such poor clothes ? Have you spent it all ?"

"No, little master ; it is larger now, far larger than when I got it. But thee must not stop now. I'll tell thee, some other time. Stay—let me kiss thee. I have prayed for three generations of thy fathers, and now, thou art the fourth. God, before whom my fathers did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day ; the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lad, and give him to know that old Paul's treasure is more precious far than the riches

he shall inherit from his fathers, by the blessing of God."

Speaking thus, with his hands laid on Leon's head, and his eyes raised to heaven, he then turned back and descended the path. Leon forgot the bell, and even his illness for the moment, gazing after him. He did not speak to Nora, he did not move.

"Come, Master Leon; the bell has rung some time, you know. Lean on me."

Then he remembered other things, and seemed to have forgotten old Paul completely. But he had not forgotten. When the old Egyptians sowed their seed in the water, the light chaff would float on the surface, dancing in the sunbeams; but that which bore fruit, sank from sight. And so on the surface of children's minds, the light chaff of trivial things often remains in view, while that which bears fruit, sinks in silence.

The gate was open. "Oh! Nora, Nora, whatever *has* been in the grounds? See how

the bushes are broken,—see how the beds are trampled ! What *will* Peter say !”

“ Something has been in, Master Leon ; you must have left the gate open.”

“ Well, I don’t know what I shall do. Mamma would be so angry, if she knew I went out of the grounds.”

“ O, perhaps she never will know,” said Nora ; who was afraid herself, and hardly knowing what to say, felt this was scarcely the thing.

“ Don’t come any farther, Nora ; after these bushes, there is the lawn at the side of the house.”

“ Good-bye, Master Leon. *Now*, you don’t say I’m ungrateful, do you ?”

“ No, Nora ; you are a good, nice, dear girl. I was telling stories then.”

“ Good-bye, Master Leon ; but I can’t come again, you know.”

“ O, I wish you could. Well, I’ll ask mamma. I’ll tell her what a good girl you are.”

Nora's face brightened. "Will you? Aunt Mason said that would be the best way,—but—but, what will she say about to-day?"

"I don't know. You won't tell any one, Nora, will you?"

"No! I'm not a tell-tale."

"Then you won't tell any one; not even Mrs. Mason?"

"Do I tell stories, Master Leon? They hate tell-tales at our school, and *I* never tell tales—not I. Why, once I was kept in two hours for breaking a window; when it was Mary Dale that did it all the while, only *I* would not tell."

"There's a girl! I like you, Nora. You would do for a queen. Mamma says I can be a great man sometime, if I like; and when I am, I'll marry you, and you shall be a lady."

"O, Master Leon!"

So they parted. The excitement of the

discovery of the upset at the gate had kept him up ; but now, his strength failed altogether, and he was almost in a fainting state when he reached his mother and Mr. Faram.

OTHER SCENES.

“WELL, there’s going to be something, I’m sure.”

“Yes, there’s going to be my dinner, I hope, just now.”

This was what Amy Winter said to Tom Mason, and what Tom Mason answered Amy Winter, as they were going home from school on Monday morning.

“That’s just like you, Tom, with your nonsense. But as sure as ever that Peter Minshull comes talking to the master, like he did this morning, there’s something,—I say.”

“Why, it was Mr. Edwards, and not Peter Minshull.”

“How do you know? you did not see him.”

“That’s just like you, Amy ; thinking no one has eyes but yourself.”

“Well, there’s something wrong any how, Tom.”

“O, there’s plenty wrong. It’s sure to be about me, too. There never *is* a scrape, without me being in it. Well, I hope there’s nothing wrong with our dinner, at any rate. Here goes for it !” And he vaulted over a low wall into a field, which led to the back of his mother’s house. Tom was a merry playful boy, always happy himself, even when in a scrape, and always making others happy. He had rather a round face, with straight dark hair, and eyes that had a very variable expression, for they looked as demure and modest as could be in his class, or when spoken to by some gentleman on the road, though even then, a person of decent sharpness would see a certain waggishness lurking in the corners of his eyes, and in his modest smile (Tom was a pattern of politeness) ;

but in any set-to at play, or in making up some playful scheme, how they glistened, to be sure! No one could help loving Tom Mason. Many would not have loved Leon Moring, for they would not understand him; but Tom Mason was all there, and when you looked at his eyes, you could see through to the other side. As his mother said, "He took pretty kindly to life, and she believed he'd warstle throu't, for he wasn't good enough to die." But Tom himself afterwards learnt, that to be good enough to live, he must be good enough to die. Well, there he goes, helter-skelter down the field, with Scotch bonnet, and white pinafore unconfined by a belt, flourishing his bag of books in the air, as free and happy, and bright a spirit as nine years cannot always produce.

"But, Nora, what made you look so pale when some one whispered that Mr. Edwards and Peter Minshull wanted the master?"

"Did I look pale?"

"To be sure you did."

"What could they want, though?"

"There'll be something, you may be sure; your cousin Tom says he has not been in a scrape for a whole fortnight, and he's sure it must be something about him."

"I hope it's nothing worse than one of Tom's scrapes."

"But do you know, that Master Leon Moring is very ill? Don't you remember, he was not at church yesterday, nor Lady Moring either?"

"What's the matter with him?" asked Nora, who had heard something of it, but nothing of much consequence. "Dear me!"

"Well, there you are again. How you take on about it! Dr. Heald was up there yesterday, and his servant says, Master Leon had a fall."

"I hope it won't be any thing bad."

"So do I, Nora. I like Master Leon. He

always looks so pale and ill. I should think he must be a nice boy."

"Yes, he is."

"Why! did you ever speak to him, Nora?"

"Me! why, Amy, he is never out of the grounds by himself; Tom played with him once a good while."

"O yes! and Tom said he knew nothing about rounders, nor trap, nor prison bars, nor any of those games, but was all for castles and—and things like that."

"Tom liked him, though, did he not?"

"Yes; but he said he was almost afraid to play with him, for fear he should hurt him."

This was part of the conversation of Amy Winter and Nora Fairly, on their way to school in the afternoon.

When they reached there, they found there was "something," as Amy had foretold. The whole of the schools were assembled together, and Mr. Davies, the master,

with a very grave face informed them that they knew he had often to complain about their breaking windows, hedges, trampling crops, and so on, in the violence of their sports, and the patrons of the school had been determined to put a stop to it by taking severe measures. They knew, too, that there had more than once been complaints, especially about the grounds at Moring Hall. And now he was sorry to say, that he had been informed of very grievous injury being done to the grounds close by the Hall wood, he strongly suspected, by some of the children belonging to that school, for it was their holiday, and parties of them were out in different directions. Now, he was determined to find it out; and so it would be better for those who were concerned in it to come forward at once, and he hoped that in a case like this, no false notions of honour would keep any of them from telling what they knew. If any of them had something to say about it, let them hold up their hands.”

Mr. Davies stopped, and looked all round the room. Not a single hand was held up. "Well," said he, "take your own way, but find it out I will, depend on that; and now the rules of the school shall be carried out to the utmost against those that did it, whoever they are."

Accordingly, they separated to their work for the present. Nora saw what a position she was in; for, if suspicion fell upon her, what could she say? She had promised faithfully not to tell any thing to any one of her last day with Leon; and besides, the kind of honour which there is, and ought to be, among children in such matters, would have had a strong hold on her, even without that. The penalty for such a thing was expulsion; and she was just now expecting to receive a prize or small scholarship, which Sir Canute Moring had instituted, to enable poor children to remain longer at school. This would be a sad loss to her poor father and mother,

for she was the eldest of several brothers and sisters, though but ten years of age. She stole as secretly as she could, for fear of making it worse, up to the little gate in the wood, but no Leon was to be seen. She waited and waited, but he never came. Then she sat her down and cried, " Oh, if it had been him, I would never have let people think wrong of him this way. Oh, Master Leon, Master Leon, I never thought you would have done this."

THE CRISIS.

MR. FARAM's house was a pretty place, with a small garden, and verandah in front, and a larger garden behind.

It was prettily fixed, not far from the mouth of the wooded glen which Leon and Nora could see from their castle. The road that led to it from the village, ran past the school-house on its way. An open carriage stood at Mr. Faram's gate. The coachman sat on the box, and beside him Leon, who always liked that seat the best. A footman lounged against Mr. Faram's gate. In the distance, a white-haired old man was coming up, "There's old Paul," said Leon, half unconsciously. "I'll speak to old Paul. Here, James, help me down." Down he

accordingly went, and ran on, to meet the old man. He never calculated that it might look strange that he should know him.

“Well, Paul, how do you do to-day?”

“Better than I have ever been yet, my little boy.”

“Better than ever!” said Leon, wondering.

“And how are you after your tumble? It has not made the blossom rosier;” and Paul patted his cheek.

“O, I’m getting better, Paul. My head aches; but then it always does, almost every day.”

“Poor little fellow. I know a place where there is no headache, either for little boys or old men. And I am going there.”

“Well, that would be a glorious place! I should like to go there too, Paul.”

“And thee might go there if thee was as rich as I am; it is a long way.”

“Why, I am richer than you, Paul. O,

but I forgot,—your treasure. Ah, you said you would tell me about that ; now, come, Paul.”

“ It is only one jewel, my little boy ; but I would not sell that, no, not for thousands of gold and silver !”

“ O, Paul !” There was a pause, while Leon wondered. He would have asked something else about it directly, but Paul changed the subject.

“ Suppose some one was to come and put me in prison for throwing thee down into my yard on Saturday.”

“ Why, Paul, you never did. I fell down myself, you know.”

“ Aye, aye, little master ; but suppose some one comes and says, Master Leon would never have gone out of the grounds by himself, so old Paul must have thrown him down.”

“ I’ll tell them it’s all stories, Paul ; you shall never go to prison, for certain.”

“And thee’ll tell them thee was naughty enough to go out, when thee was told not to do it.”

“It is not kind to talk that way, Paul. How would you like to have no one to play with?”

“But if it was Nora,—”

“I must go, Paul, or mamma will be coming out.” Paul was rather disappointed at his breaking off just here. However, he held him by the hand while he said, “Fare thee well, then; only be a man and stick to the truth, for thee will, perhaps, have to fight a battle harder than any I helped thy great-grandfather to fight.”

The schools were assembled together, and all were expecting, but none knew exactly, what was going to be done. Tom Mason was making his last will and testament, whereby he bequeathed certain pieces of slate pencil and other valuable effects to his

favoured friends; "for," said he, "I'm going to be clean expelled out and out, this time, any how."

Nora Fairly was looking very anxious and sorrowful. Mr. Davies came in, and took his seat at the desk. The assistant teachers were beside him. He said, abruptly, "Amy Winter, come forward." Nora started, and looked for a moment relieved. Amy Winter seemed bewildered, but did as she was told. "This book of yours," said he, holding up a little book with her name in it, "was found yesterday in the grounds of Moring Hall."

"I was never there, sir; indeed, I was not."

"O, of course, the book walked there by itself. Perhaps the wind blew it."

Amy Winter began to cry.

"Can you tell me how the book got there, then?"

"O, I never took it there, sir; indeed, I did not."

“ Nora, Nora, what’s the matter with you ?” whispered a girl near Nora Fairly. At this moment, she lifted up her hand.

“ Well, Nora, have you anything to say about it ?”

“ If you please, sir, I had that book of Amy Winter’s on Saturday.”

“ Come forward, then.” She went forward amidst the astonishment of the school, and especially of the teachers of the girls, who knew her as one of the best in the number.

“ You had this book on Saturday ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ And you left it in the grounds at Moring Hall ?”

The reply was nothing but a flood of tears.

“ Nora Fairly, none of us ever expected this from you. So you were one of those who were destroying Lady Moring’s property ?”

“ O, no sir, no, I was not ;” exclaimed Nora, hysterically. “ I don’t know anything about that ; I don’t, indeed.”

"But what business had you in the grounds at all?"

She made no answer to this.

"Was Amy Winter with you at all?"

"No, sir."

"Then there is nothing against you, Amy; you may go to your seat. Now, Nora, what time were you in the grounds?"

"About two o'clock, sir."

"Just the very time. Really, Nora, I cannot understand how you know nothing about the injuries. Now I remember, too, this is your second offence. You were caught on the grounds before, but let off at the request of Master Moring."

"Please sir, she wasn't. She was only on the wall that time; for I was with her, sir;" exclaimed Tom Mason, from his place.

"Hold your tongue, sir. I see you will not be satisfied till you get into this business. Nora, I am sorry for you, but it is your own fault; you say, yourself, you were

in the grounds when you had no business there, and at the very time when, it seems, this mischief must have been done, though if you had some good reason for being there, I might take you at your word about that."

Nora stopped crying, and looked full into the master's face. "Please, sir, I promised, and I can't tell a lie,—its no use,—I *can't* tell a lie."

"There is something strange in this business," said Mr. Davies, looking perplexed. He then called a council of the teachers in a class room. Here, one of the girl's teachers, with more penetration than charity, suggested, that as Nora was sharp enough to see that the book would convict her in the end, she had made a virtue of confessing that she was in the grounds, and so expected to get off by denying the graver charge. But Mr. Davies said he had seen the injuries, and it was quite impossible that Nora could have done them ; however, she might know

something about them. He had enquired at Paul Lovejoy's ; but old Paul was not in, and Mrs. Lovejoy not having her faculties as clear as her husband, had declared that none of the children came near them that day.

"That promise of Nora's is singular," said one teacher.

"Aye, true, the promise. I fancy I can understand that ;" replied Mr. Davies. "She must have been there when the mischief was done, and a promise must have been extorted that she would not tell."

"Still, she was there," said the penetrating teacher ; "and, besides, this is her second offence."

"Yes, I forgot that."

"And, Mr. Davies, these proceedings must really be put a stop to. We have had such a many complaints of this kind."

"Well, I see no help for it, then. She must be expelled, I suppose."

“What a pity,” said the principal female teacher, “just as she was about to gain that prize.”

“So it is ; but we cannot help that now. It’s being the second offence, throws a very different colouring on it. I have no choice ; I have only to carry out the determination of the patrons.” So saying, Mr. Davies led the way back into the schoolroom. It was a pretty room, with an open-worked, dark, oak roof, and narrow pointed windows. The desks with light iron supports, were arranged in two rows round three sides of a square, and on the open side, was placed a desk on a platform for the master. In the hollow space were now ranged the girls, seated on forms (for it was the boys’ room, and the infants were standing round the walls). Nora stood in front of the desk. She raised her eyes as Mr. Davies came in, and looked at him in a forlorn kind of way. Almost all looked very sorrowful. Tom Mason be-

gan to cry, for she was his cousin. Since the teachers had gone out, a storm of rain had been gathering above, so that the room grew darker and darker. Mr. Davies stood up, to tell them of the decision he had come to. Nora thought what her father would say,—what her mother would think,—how strange it would be to go home to her little brothers and sisters, who thought “our Nora” second only to the queen,—as an expelled and disgraced girl. Should she tell about Master Leon? What ! after she had promised ; after she had boasted she was no tell-tale! No, she could not be mean. Would no one help her?

Poor Nora ! she never thought, as she might have done, of one kind Being, even at her right hand, who looked at her with a face of earnest love, and knew all that was going on at her very heart-strings, and felt for her, because He had been tempted so when He was a child. She turned her head, and

could look through a window down the long road to the village, and almost expected to see Master Leon coming, galloping on his pony, or a carriage driving up—but—No. “O, Master Leon, Master Leon, I never would have left you in this way, no matter what might come to me!”

“Nora Fairly, you say yourself you were in the grounds of Moring Hall on Saturday last, for which you can give no reason. There is, too, pretty strong evidence that you must know something about the injuries that were done while you were there. This is not your first offence, either. You were caught once before. And the governors of the school have determined that they will not have belonging to the school either boys or girls that are guilty of anything of this kind. I am obliged, therefore, to put your name off the books.” Which he took up a pen to do.

“O, if you please, sir, if you would wait only one day; then, perhaps, I could tell

you, indeed, sir. Do wait for one day, if you please, sir."

"You do not give me a proper reason, Nora. I have been making enquiries through the week, and it would be trifling with the rules of the school."

Nora gave way to unappeased grief. The rain had dashed down in a sullen torrent some moments, and all without the school was as wretched as the inside. "Oh, Master Leon, Master Leon, how could you do this?"

The swift tread of horses, and the rattle of whirling wheels was heard, and then stopped by the school. And scarcely were the last words of Mr. Davies spoken, when the school-door opened, and Lady Moring, who had been surprised by the rain in her open carriage, came in, followed by Leon, who looked startled at the multitude of faces all turned directly towards them. At another time, a visit of Lady Moring's would not have excited such a sensation, for they

were frequent; but now, a buzz of some meaning went round. Lady Moring was astonished at what she saw. Mr. Davies met her, and told her about the state of things.

“Ah!” said she; “I heard something of this before. It was the same day that you had your fall, Leon—where is Leon?” and she turned to look for him. But he was not far off; he was talking to Nora. His eye was brightened with a more than ordinary light; for as his mother’s glance turned upon him, a great battle was indeed, according to old Paul’s prediction, going on within; not that he could for a moment think of letting Nora be expelled for him, but a many underhand ways of getting over it would swim before him, and it was hard work to take the manly, honest, straight-forward one; but Paul’s words—aye, and Paul’s prayers had prepared him. He came forward to Lady Moring and Mr. Davies. “It is not Nora

Fairly's fault at all ;" he said. " I know all about it. I can tell you, mamma ; I can, indeed."

Lady Moring looked at him with astonishment, not unmixed with anger ; and his countenance fell, but his spirit rose again. " They ought to let Nora off, mamma—do, if you please, let her off—because it is not her fault, you know ; it was all with me that she came into the grounds."

Mr. Davies looked at Lady Moring. " Certainly, Mr. Davies. You hear what Leon says ; a singular piece of business, truly !"

But Leon was off again, without noticing the tone of her words.

" It's all right, Nora ; how glad I am we came. It was all with the rain, too. Aren't you glad it rained, Nora ?"

O yes, she might be ; and so might many people, when the rain is gone away. But she could hardly stop crying yet, for very joy. It would not have ended so happily,

if old Paul had called in at the school-house and told what he knew. No; difficulties never end so happily as when all parties who have to do with them, old or young, turn right at them, and fight straight through, “Heart within and God o’erhead.”

“I couldn’t think you would leave me altogether, Master Leon; but I was so afraid, too.”

“I never knew anything about it, Nora. How could I? I was ill, you know. Ah! there is Tom Mason. It’s all right about Nora now, Tom.”

“I thought it would be right, when you came. Master Leon, I’ve got such splendid rabbits at home, and if you would take some of them, you’re quite welcome.”

“Thank you, Tom. I’ll see.”

“If you please, Master Leon, my lady wants you;” said a monitor, coming up. He went to her.

“Stop here by me, Leon.” So he stopped

by her, and presently the storm was over. As they were walking out, Leon kept behind, and nodded and smiled his good-bye to Nora and Tom.

For the first time in his life, Leon had stolen like a sunbeam over a dark place, and he found it very, very delightful. For as a beam entering a gloomy cave, which nevertheless holds gorgeous stalactites, finds itself suddenly a wondrous power, which is repeated and reflected from side to side, from brightness to brightness, till, enlarged and made glorious, it filleth the whole place; so Leon, so every one, boy or man, who finds himself and his joy suddenly reflected from but now darkened eyes, feels that he also is a wondrous power, and is enlarged and made more glorious, as his heart expands to all around.

“ Oh! Leon, Leon; ” was all that Lady Moring said, and all he could get her to say, until they reached home. And then he went

over it all ; how he had been so lonely, and had no one to play with ; how he had persuaded Nora ; and all, up to the last Saturday ; how Nora had so bravely refused to tell anything.

“ No, Leon, I did not think my boy would have done so. How could you deceive me in that way ? ”

“ I never did tell you stories, mamma. You did not ask me where I fell down. ”

“ No ; because I did not think my boy would do so wrong as that. I can't do with you near me, Leon. Go away ; till I see what I must do with you. ”

So Leon ascended to the room in the tower, and wept ; but there was no Nora to comfort him. As he gazed out on the long vale, and pressed his forehead against the window, his tears flowed down the glass in the clear sunlight that was abroad. It was a sunshine shower, and could not last ; for his conscience was clearer than it had been for long.

Yes, all weeping with a clear conscience, is like rain in a cloudless sky ; surely it will not last, nor mar the pleasure of our day on earth.

Mr. Faram was, by appointment, to come that night ; and he did come.

“ Master Leon, your mamma wants you in the small drawing-room with Mr. Faram.”

So the crisis was past. But after a crisis, the body needs strengthening, and so does the mind. Suppose Leon had gone wrong then ; I question very much whether he would ever have gone right after.

POISONED RIVERS AND WORM-EATEN
FLOWERS.

LEON came slowly down the great staircase, for he would have much preferred staying where he was.

The evening sun in many colours shone through the stained window, as he lingered on the landing above the hall. Mr. Faram met him before he stirred.

“ Good evening, Master Leon. I was just coming to ask your company for a walk in the grounds.”

“ I don’t think mamma will let me.”

“ O, yes, she will ; it is warm yet. But we must not stay long.”

“ My head aches ;” said Leon in a mournful tone.

“ Indeed ! I am sorry for that ; but the fresh air is just the thing for that kind of headache.”

“ But I don’t think mine is of that kind, Mr. Faram. It goes worse when I go out.”

Now, his object was not to find a cure for his headache, which really was not worth speaking of, but to make an excuse for refusing to go out. However, as he could not manage it, he turned back to his room, got ready, and went out. On the terrace, the view was glorious. Far up to the left, the vale was lost among grand old mountains in dark shadow, with here and there a rocky peak shining in the sun. From these, the river came down, and flowed peacefully through the valley. Down towards the right, the hills were more fertile and rounded, waving with woods. As they leaned over the terrace wall, the prim old gardens of the hall were just below them, and beyond, the river flowed through the fields ; over on

the other side, a little to the left, was the bridge, and the church beside it, and the hill above, crowned with its old burnt tower; while the village slept in the hollow, where the jutting mountain joined the ridge that lined the vale. They gazed in silence, for Leon was not in a humour to speak first; not that he was miserable, as we have seen; still he was under a cloud, and Mr. Faram, perhaps for his own reasons, said nothing, but drank in the beauty of the scene for some time. At last, said he,—

“Suppose, Leon, some one was to go up amongst those dark mountains some night, and poison the stream up there.”

“He would deserve to be hung;” said Leon, in the tone which all children put on when they are fairly drawn out into a conversation, after maintaining a kind of half-sullen, half-melancholy, silence.

“So they would. But think what a dreadful thing it would be if the stream

were really poisoned up there. As it passed the little cottages near its home, what wailing and sorrow it would cause there! As it hurried on through the herds, joyful in the morning, what desolation it would bear among them; and then, as it passed out among farm-houses and villages, the waters whose joyous sparkling ought to be the light of life, would be to them anguish and death. You would see the lamb bleating by its dead mother on the banks; the faithful dog stretched out in his dying agony. You would hear the screams of the little children in their pain, and then there would be the awful silence, broken only by the rustling ivy, where every soul had perished. And still, as the stream grew wider and stronger, so death, and ruin, and woe, would fly far and wide. Oh, it would be horrible, horrible! How dreadful, Leon, to be a poisoned river!"

"And could it be poisoned that way?"

asked Leon. "But we have wells of our own, you know. It would not poison us, would it?"

"But it would poison me, and it would poison Nora Fairly and Tom Mason." Leon looked on the ground.

"Ah, yes, Leon; I have read of poisoned rivers; nay, I have seen some small ones myself."

"Have you, Mr. Faram? Where?"

"Why, not a thousand miles off; and the misery they produce is dreadful, even when they never become large."

"But it is very wicked of people to poison them, Sir; are they not put in prison?"

"It is not so easy to tell who it is always, only when we live near the source of a little river we should take care it is not poisoned if we can help it."

"When I grow up a man I'll take care of our river, then. Perhaps it would be a

good way to have a watchman always up near the source. Eh, would it not, Mr. Faram ?”

“ I dare say it would.”

“ Yes ; and Peter would just do. Peter is such a great strong man, and it would have to be a strong man, wouldn't it ?”

“ Perhaps rather a wise man. But, Leon, it is worse when the river is large.”

“ Yes ; because there are more farm-houses, and villages, and cows and horses all about, aren't there ?”

“ To be sure.—Leon, you would like to be a great man, would you not ?”

Even Leon, though like all children accustomed to sudden changes in conversation, was somewhat taken a-back, as people say, at this.

“ Yes, Sir. Mamma says I might be.”

“ So you might. And then you would have a great many people round you, all

waiting to see what you would do and say, would you not?"

"I suppose great men have."

"What, if you were to be a poisoned river then?"

"I, Mr. Faram?"

"Yes; you, Master Leon."

"But, Mr. Faram, how could I?"

"Think."

"You mean if I was to be a bad man, I suppose."

"To be sure I do; and, Leon, just as poison pouring into a stream at its source affects it as it grows to a river, so if I put anything wrong into your soul now, it will poison it as it flows on through life."

Leon was silent; the conversation was getting a little bit too pointed.

"Don't you think it is getting rather cold, Mr. Faram?"

"Because that vase takes the sun from you; come out of the shade; there, you

will be warm enough now.—Leon, I'm quite in a humour for telling tales just now. Let us walk a little, and I'll tell you one I was thinking of.”—“ You know there are some plants that flower only once in a hundred years.”

“ O, yes, we have one ; and Peter says it will flower in the year when I shall be ten years old. I hope it will come out on my birthday.”

“ I hope it will,” answered Mr. Faram ; “ that would be very delightful. However, once there was a plant of this kind and it did not flower once in a hundred years, but only once in its whole life-time. Well, it grew and grew from a stout old stock for many hundreds of years, and brought forth great strong branches which weathered the storm, but no flower, and the lower boughs withered as the top ones grew up ; but that was the nature of the tree, and it still flourished on. Many

watched it through their lives and died, and left it growing; and some, who thought they were wise, said, 'It will produce a flower some day —.'

"Only one!" interrupted Leon.

"Yes, only one. They said 'it will produce a flower some day, and how beauteous it will be!' And so it ought, since many ages were taken to produce it. Well, the tree grew narrower and the branches fewer, as if it were coming towards the top, and at last it produced no branches, and all thought now was come the time for the flower. What would it be like? Those who lived near it watched wondering day by day." Leon was wondering too with all his heart. "At last on the topmost point, when all branches below were dead, the little bud appeared. O, with what anxiety it was watched! what colour would it turn out, and would it be a perfect one? Gradually the little tender leaves began to

unfurl, and it promised fair, when O, Leon, it began to turn and wither."

"What a pity!" said Leon.

"Pity, indeed! all the hopes of many ages were disappointed; and as for the people who lived by and loved it, I can't tell you how they grieved to see it turn out a poor withered misshapen thing; and what do you think was the reason?"

"I shouldn't wonder it was those insects that Peter hates so much."

"Well, something very like it, for there was a little worm at its heart. Now, if they could have found that out when the worm was yet in the egg, perhaps they might have saved it."

"So they might; I wish they had thought of it."

"Ah, Leon, not all the flowers on earth are half so dear or so beautiful in the eyes of the God that made them as you are. But if there should be a little worm of

deceit at your heart—poor little flower!—poor little flower!”

Leon was confounded at the suddenness of this attack and said nothing, though he had a tolerable glimmering of its meaning.

“Dont you think deceit at your heart would do as much harm as a worm at the heart of a flower?”

“But, Mr. Faram, I never do tell stories.”

“Yet the worm was once in the egg, was it not? And it did not look like a worm then. But as surely as the worm came out of the egg,—almost as surely will story-telling and deceit arise out of little boys doing in secret things that they dare not do openly.”

“You mean about me going with Nora Fairly,” said Leon, disconsolately; “but you dont know how lonely it is here with no one to play with.”

“I do. I know you must be sadly off,

indeed, for companions ; but is it better to be like the withered flower than to be lonely for a little time ?”

“ Well, I never mean to do that again,” said Leon. “ I dont, indeed.” It was a tone of earnestness.

“ Come, come, we shall stop the worm from doing much harm, I see.” So they walked on towards the house.

“ Mr. Faram, what do you think it *was* though that upset the garden so ?”

“ Might it not be Nora when she was so vexed with you ?”

“ I’m sure and certain it never was. She never was vexed with me,—only a little bit. I think it is a great shame of any one to say it was she,” and he grew quite flushed in the face.

Mr. Faram smiled. “ Peter Minshull is a wise man in his way, but he would not do for a detective officer ; nor, indeed, Mr. Davies either, though he is a clever man.

I made a few enquiries and more examination myself this evening, and I can tell you pretty certainly who it was."

"And who was it, then?"

"Why,—old Mrs. Lovejoy's cow."

"Well,—really!" cried Leon, laughing outright.

"And, indeed, I think it was only your little Flos that saved the grounds from being used a great deal worse."

"Well done, Flos! She's a good dog, too."

And Mr. Faram felt that Leon's hand was placed in his trustingly.

ONWARD.

You thought my story was finished? No ; it is not. Sometimes a river, struggling down from the mountains, seems to find its outlet in a lake embosomed by the hills, from which you can see no way out. That is like the position of my tale. I dare say you will think it comes out with a very slender thread ; nevertheless, it has not reached the end yet ; so on it must go, till it reaches the sea—aye, the boundless sea.

Once upon a time, the children of Israel wanted a king, though before that, every man had done that which was right in his own eyes, “in order,” as they said, “that we may be like all the nations.” Now, God was angry, and gave them a king ; and

though their first, it seems, was bad enough, yet they were very happy with their second and third. Now, it was much after this fashion, though on a very small scale, with Leon Moring; he had longed for companions, that he also might be like all the children; and though he did wrong to get them, he got them after all. I say this, because just as you would not think of imitating the Israelites, although they, after all, got what they wanted; so, you must not think of imitating Leon, though, by what he now felt to be wrong, he gained the companionship of Nora. Indeed, it was effected quite as much by the conduct of Nora, perhaps, more, than by what he did himself; but, however, arrangements were made, by which Nora became his playfellow now in a much happier manner. They had not to skulk beneath the trees now, but could play merrily on the terrace, under Lady Moring's eye. He would still, sometimes, grow fretful and

cross yet ; but her liveliness, and, when that failed, patience, were proof against everything. If you ever have a companion who is pale and in ill health, and who appears to fret at little things, that you would never think of, be patient with him ; for when he understands your troubles as clearly as his own, very likely he will feel them just as keenly. As for Leon, it was his besetment to have gloomy times, when he would lay himself down, with his face to the grass, and cry, and declare that nobody cared for *him*, he knew ; but this was when his head ached, or there was something else the matter with him, which he did not know of. One day, one of the last lingering warm sunny days of the year, he was in this mood ; his head ached, and Nora tried to persuade him to go in, but he would not, and at last, worn out, he fairly fell asleep under some trees at the lower part of the grounds, towards the vale. Nora took her shawl and

laid it over him ; then she sat down, and watched him there. So, Leon dreamt while sleeping, and muttered many things ; and Nora dreamt while waking, but uttered not her thoughts. At last, Leon started and awoke. He stared wildly, rather, at first, and could not understand how he came to be there.

“ O, that’s you, is it, Nora ? I could not tell where I was. I thought some one had come and carried me out of bed.”

“ Well, but are you better ?”

“ Yes ; I think my head is. But, Nora, I’ve had such a dream.”

“ About Paul, eh ?”

“ Why, how do you know ?”

“ Because you said that in your sleep.”

“ Did I ? well I’ll tell you about it, Nora.” And he sat up. “ There, you’ve been and put your shawl over me. I know you’ll get cold, and you’re always preaching to me.”

“ As if I should take any harm ! I am

used to it, Master Leon. Come, what were you dreaming about?"

"Why, it was like as if it was at night, and I was coming down the great staircase, and there was a light shining through the window, so bright. I thought the sun was up at night, but then I thought it must be the moon, and all at once, I fell down stairs, but when I got up, it was in old Paul's cottage, and Mr. Faram was there, and he said, 'Paul, we must get the worm out of the flower;' and Paul said, 'Well, well, I see all blossoms are much alike.'"

"Why, Master Leon, whatever is all that?"

"My dream, to be sure. Things come into our heads all mixed up together in dreams, you know. Well, and so it seemed quite dark, and I wanted to see Paul's treasure; and he said, 'it is only one jewel, my little boy,' and then he went and put it on the table. Eh, it was so bright! it fairly

burned and burned, and it made all the cottage shine like silver and gold, so that it looked splendid. Then Paul said, 'No, my little boy, I am very rich;' just like he did that time, you know, and my head ached with the light, and Paul said, 'I know a place where they never have any head-aches, and I am going there.' So I wanted to go too; and he said I might. And there, just as I was going, I fell against the door, and he said, 'old Paul can carry thee yet;' but when he lifted me up, I awoke. Isn't it a strange dream, Nora?"

"Very?"

"I wonder what that treasure is, Nora?"

"So do I!"

"I'll tell you what, Nora, I should'nt be surprised if it was the koh-i-noor diamond."

"The what?"

"Why, the koh-i-noor diamond. I suppose you don't know about that, Nora?"

"No; I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, but there was an account in the newspaper about it. Mamma was reading it one day, a good while ago."

"And what is it?"

"A great, immense diamond, out of the East Indies. They had just got it then; and I know it said, perhaps, it would come to England to the queen. So I should think it has come."

"But, Master Leon, how could old Paul get it?"

"Well, I don't know;" answered Leon, rather puzzled. "O, why! perhaps the queen gave it him. He's an old soldier, you know, and she does give things to old soldiers."

"But, Master Leon, she would never give that to a poor soldier, if he was not a great man, a general, or something of that sort."

"Well, perhaps he *is* a great man."—
(There are very many older people, who support their theories by much more des-

perate measures than Leon's.)—"In the tales mamma reads me sometimes, it tells about great men going in disguise, you know, just like poor men; and then, when people are quite rude to them, and don't care about them, just because they look poor, all at once they take off their disguise, and the people that were so rude to them are quite frightened."

"Well, but I don't think old Paul is one like that."

"But he must be, Nora. You know he says he is so rich, and all the while he looks like a poor man."

However, Nora was not convinced.

"I'll tell what let us do, Nora. Let's go to Paul's cottage. I'll run and ask mamma may I go, and you wait here for me."

So straightway he scrambled up the long, steep, grass slope, that stretched right away up to the terrace and the broad walk. He was away so long, that Nora began to fear

he was not successful ; but then he appeared running round from the turret, carrying a little basket in his hand. His speed, Nora very well knew, told of success, and down the long slope he came flying with a swift-ness, which would have carried a heavier weight through fence and all at the bottom. But he knew his ground, and running towards a little below Nora, he turned short round, and stopped himself by running up hill.

“ It’s all right, I suppose ;” said she. “ Why, I don’t believe any of the boys in the village of your size, could beat you at running.”

“ Couldn’t they ?” said he, with a pleased look. “ I should like to run them a race. See, mamma gave me this basket, for us to take to Mrs. Paul,—no, I mean Mrs. Lovejoy ; and, ah, you don’t know what I’ve got besides.”

"No, I don't; perhaps, the koh-i-noor diamond," she answered, laughing.

"No, no; perhaps we shall see that, just now. But, look!" and he produced some raisins and figs, "these are for you. Mamma says you will make a capital nurse. There, she was watching us all the while from my window." So, through the little gate they soon reached old Paul. They found him arranging wood in the yard. He welcomed them warmly, and led the way in; where the present of Lady Moring excited the good woman of the house to such a degree, that Leon feared she never would leave off talking.

"But, Paul, remember what you said about your treasure. Show it me now, will you? Come, do;" and he laid his hand coaxingly on the old man's shoulder.

"But, perhaps thee could not see it, if it was laid before thee."

"Oh, Paul! I'm sure I could. Why, I was dreaming about it just now, wasn't I,

Nora ? I saw it in my sleep, and how could I not see it now ?” So Leon told his dream.

“Thy dream is true, my little boy ; for it does make this old cottage into a king’s palace.”

“But, Paul ;” said Leon again, rather timidly, “will you be vexed, if I ask you something ?”

“O, ask anything thee likes of old Paul.”

“But, I mean, you won’t think it’s rude ?”

“Not, if it is not rude. Ask on, little master ; old Paul won’t easily be offended.”

“Well, now, aren’t you a great man, Paul ; I mean, greater than you seem ?”

“Greater than many think me, my little boy ; I hope to be a king some day.”

“Now, then, Nora, did I not tell you ?” said Leon, triumphantly.

“O, you know, Paul is joking you, Master Leon.”

“If thy father fed his cattle with the wind, would they be so strong, Nora ? and does

thee think old Paul could bear up so well, and feel so glad in himself, all through a joke? It is more than a joke, my little girl."

"No, I knew it was not a joke, Paul;" said Leon. "But now, you see, we know you, and you might take off your disguise; all the great people mamma reads about, do; and then you might come to the Hall, and I'm sure mamma would be delighted to see you.—Do, Paul."

The old man smiled. "I will put off my disguise, little master, one of these days. Aye, soon, soon; but I am waiting the orders of my king."

"But, Paul, you are a king yourself, you know."

"Not yet; I said not yet. Besides, there is one in my country who is king of all the kings there."

"But, Paul, you will show me that jewel, your treasure, you know, won't you?"

“Whenever thee can see it.”

“See it! O, Paul; why, look, haven’t I eyes? Besides, I’m almost sure I can, because I think—I know what it is.”

“And what is it?”

“Is it not”—and Leon grew closer to whisper—“the koh-i-noor diamond?” His eyes glistened with expectation of assent.

Paul seemed almost sorry to disappoint him. “Ah, I dare say that is very precious, and looks very bright when you are close to it. But if you were to put it and my treasure together, like two stars in the sky, the light of your poor diamond would be quite lost before it had travelled many miles; but my treasure would shine on and on, and never, no, never, stop.”

“Never, Paul! O, I can’t think what it is; I wish you would tell me, Paul.”

“Do you two ever play at hide-and-seek?”

“Yes, and there are such good hiding-places among the trees, aren’t there, Nora?”

Once, you know," and he went on to tell of a capital hiding-place Nora found, so that he thought he had lost her altogether, when there she was, right inside of a hollow tree.

" Well, suppose old Paul had come and found her for thee, and thee had not seen her in the tree, thee would not have enjoyed that so much."

" No, because we have to find them ourselves in hide-and-seek. It's the rule of the game, isn't it, Nora ?"

" Well, go and find out for theeself what old Paul's treasure is, and thee will enjoy it far more than if I was to tell thee."

IN TOWN.

MORING HALL is shut up, for it is winter, and the little living flower on the great dead old tree must be sheltered.

It is in great roaring London that Leon drives about on sad foggy mornings in a close carriage with Lady Moring, when she goes to the city, or pays morning visits at the West End. And then, when the days are somewhat brighter, he rides out on his pony, with a servant behind him, among the glories of Rotten Row. From one of these latter excursions he returned one morning, full of a mimic sailing-match, he had seen on the Serpentine, when, on entering a little room on the ground-floor, in their town house, where he and his

mother often sat together, he was startled to find there a boy of perhaps a little more than his own age lying senseless on a couch, his face pale and bloodless, his hair matted with blood, while beside him a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age knelt, weeping distractedly, and Lady Moring was trying to calm her.

“Don’t be afraid, Leon,” she said, as he came in, “you see, this poor boy was run over close to our house a few moments since, and I have had him brought in here.”

“Poor boy,” said Leon; “he must be dreadfully hurt.”

“O, ma’am,” cried the girl, “do you think he’ll get better? What would mother do if ——,” but tears prevented words.

“We must try to leave that to God, child,” said Lady Moring; but then she looked from the wounded to her own Leon, who was more beautiful in her eyes from the childish pity with which he looked at

the sufferer, and the thought went to her heart, "Suppose the will of God had touched *my* boy — could I bear it? O, God! is he not my own soul?"

"Mamma, how dreadful to be run over," said Leon, shuddering; "O, I should not like to be killed that way—so suddenly."

"Paul, Paul! don't you see me here? Open your eyes and look at me, Paul!" cried his sister once again in her distraction.

"Is that his name?" asked Leon, bending over him with more interest, "Why, it's like old Paul Lovejoy."

"That's our name," said the girl; "Father's named Edward Lovejoy."

"Mamma! mamma! he must be their grandfather. Isn't he your grandfather? Old Paul, I mean."

"Yes, ma'am, our grandfather lives at Moring."

"And where do you live?"

"At Greenwich, ma'am."

“What! all that distance away from home? Well, I’ll send for your mother. You had better stop here with your brother against he comes to himself that he may not be frightened. I expected the doctor before this; but I don’t think he will allow your brother to be moved. So we will put him in bed here, and I’ll send a conveyance for your mother and father.”

So the messenger was sent and Paul borne up the grand stairs, then down a long passage to a pleasant room in a wing of the house that stretched back into the garden. Here he was laid down, and the blood was washed from his face and head, so that he was not such a dreadful sight, but still he spoke not, neither opened he his eyes. From his appearance, and that of his sister, they seemed to be the children of parents in what might be called the upper portion of the lower walks of life. Lady Moring was just sending another messenger

for the doctor when he came in. I cannot pause to tell you of the serious air with which the doctor found that Paul's skull was fractured, or how Leon waited anxiously in a room close by, while the operation of trepanning was performed, or the way in which Paul gradually came to himself and clung to his sister moaning in his pain, or the joy and grief of his mother and father at finding him yet alive, but so badly hurt. His mother stayed with him, and Ellen, his sister, went home to keep house for her father. The doctor at first said he could give no hope whatever of his life, but when Leon next morning went softly into his room he found him asleep, and his mother looking happier as she watched him. Leon was not allowed to speak to him that day though, nor the next; but, as Paul began to understand better the things around, he looked pleased when Leon glided in and said with his eyes, " I hope you are

better this morning," though he did not speak it. But one day when Leon came in, to Paul's great delight, he did not go gently round looking at him kindly from a distance, but went straight to him, and said, "How are you this morning, Paul?"

"Better, thank you, Master Leon;" for he had learnt from his mother Leon's name, and all about him.

"I know your grandfather," said Leon.

"He is his great-grandfather, sir," said his mother.

"Is he, really? Well, I know him, Paul, and I like him very much, too. You know he lives close by our place in the country." But Paul was seized again with dreadful pain. "Oh, I'm afraid I have made your head ache."

"No,—not you, Master Leon. It comes by itself. But it is very bad sometimes."

"Well, I ought not to talk to you any more now, but I'll come again and see you."

So Leon stepped out more lightly than he had come in, and went singing softly along the passage.

The room was very still, save only the ticking of a timepiece which was placed in the room that they might know how the hours crept on.

“Mother, how is my flower?”

“Dear child, I have not thought of that, but when Ellen comes she will tell you.”

“I hope she waters it, mother. She might bring it with her here.”

The flower he spoke of grew in his little room at home bending towards the light on the window-sill. And it was beloved. Where is there, I should like to know, a single little flower which makes bareness around more beautiful, that is not loved? No where; for, if there are no loving hearts around, nothing but hard rocks, still the God that made it looks down on it

and loves it. Remember this, little lonely flowers, and still shine on.

“ Mother, the room is very quiet. How strange that ticking sounds. One, two, three, four—what a many times it must go in a day.”

“ Ah, those sounds tell us how the hours run along, Paul.”

“ Then, that’s just like the sound of their feet running—tick—tick—tick—tick,—one, two, three, four — ” and he turned his wan face on the pillow, counting on in a lower tone till it was under his breath. So the hours stole on, and their footfalls fell pit-pat on the solemn air.

There was a sound of steps in the passage, and she went just out of the door to meet the doctor. “ O, sir,—he is not the same,—I’m sure he is not the same,—it seems to me as if my life must go with his, sir.”

“ Do give yourself the comfort at least of

believing that all that can be done shall be done," answered Lady Moring, for the doctor.

"God bless you, my Lady, and may you never know the mother's grief that I feel now."

"I have felt it, my friend, speak on,—you are talking to one who knows it all, and understands you."

She felt the skirts of her dress pulled, and heard a low voice of grief beside her ; she saw that Leon had crept up and was hiding his face in her dress. O, yes, the fretful pining boy, that had been thought so selfish, had been so because of the keenness with which he felt all things ; and, now, after a little converse with those that could understand him, after the wearing pain he had endured in the anguish of one as young as he, and, looking at the tearful working countenance of the agonized mother,

his heart embraced them, and he suffered and wept with them.

Meantime the doctor had stepped unnoticed into the room, and come out again. "Calm yourself," he said to the mother, "there is no need of immediate fear at any rate. When there is I shall call in other advice."

Then many were the thoughts that drifted through Leon's head. Are a child's thoughts little worth? Well, the bits of broken glass in a kaleidoscope are that, but yet are thrown together in beautiful shapes. "I wish old Paul was here with that treasure of his, and then I should think it would be a good thing for little Paul to go to that land of his, but mamma would laugh at it." However, he managed to get her to send for old Paul.

On the day after he had accomplished that, he took a book of pictures and went to visit the sick. He met a servant in the

passage, who told him that Paul was worn and that the doctor was sending for other advice.

"I have been watching the door for you," said Paul, in a faint voice, as he came in.

"Don't; you had better not speak to Paul;" said Leon.

"O, I may,—a bit. This room is quiet."

"Well, it is good for you to be quiet, you know, Paul."

The child lay with his eyes fixed as if listening; he partly raised his head from the pillow, but laid it down again. "Master Leon, is that music in this house?"

"What music?"

"Why that,—don't you hear?"

"No; but I'll go and see. I'll stop it."

"No, Master Leon, I like it, it is very pretty; I keep hearing it sometimes. And

when I shut my eyes I see, O, such pretty things."

"Do you? and with your eyes shut?"

"Yes, it's like as if my flower at home was here, and it shoots out so splendidly."

Then Leon began to show him the pictures in the book. Presently they came to one where a woman was sitting holding a child, while another child was just behind with a face full of love, kneeling with hands put up as if in prayer, and a little cross was supported by his arms. It was a piece taken from a great painter, and the three faces were beautiful; the mother looking up out of the picture with pride, and joy and affection; the kneeling child beaming with a love that seemed universal, but the child the mother held was beyond all this: it looked all the love of the other, but about it there was a nobleness which was thrilling; the eyes seemed gazing from an immense deep soul,—a deep filled with nobleness.

and love. When the boys came to this—"that is a very good one," said Paul—it could not but touch children, though they hardly knew why. "Yes," said Leon, and was about to turn over, for he could hardly see it himself.

"Stay, please," said Paul; "what is it?"

Leon twisted his head round so as to see it properly. "La Vierge à la chaise—the Virgin Mary, you know."

"O, yes; and then she has Jesus Christ on her knee."

"Yes," said Leon, still looking at the deep eyes. "God is in that child, Paul."

And that was what the eyes were saying.

"I do so like that," said Paul, fervently; "Mother, didn't you say my teacher would come and see me?"

"Yes; but Ellen says he was away last Sunday from the school for his own little boy is very ill;"—"Arthur? O, I know.

him; he used to come and sit in the class with us."

"What teacher?" asked Leon.

"Why, at our Sunday School, Master Leon, he used to tell us all about Jesus Christ."

Paul looked at the book again. "How nice it would have been to be a little boy along with him, and then we might have played with him!"—"See, Paul, here is some reading about it. Let's read what it says. 'Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.' Children, very likely you think, though you do not say, 'yes, that means men and women,—when we are twenty years old we must begin to think about that.' But now, Jesus became a man to know how men felt, that he might pity them and love them like a brother. 'Well, we know that,' you say. To be sure you do, and how is it you forget that he became a

child too, to know how children feel, and pity them and love them like a brother? Now, perhaps, when you think of this you will say, " Well, we wish we had been children when he was a child, and then —" " Well, I declare!" Leon broke in, " if that is not just what you were saying, Paul!" But let's go on,—where was I? O, —; " and then we might have talked to him." Why, he is alive now and knows how you feel, all the while, and I'll tell you another thing, you can't think how pleased he is if you just go and tell him how you feel,—I mean when you are sorry or glad, or ill or well, or good, or bad. ' O,' you'll say, ' as if we did not know that he is alive in heaven!' But then he is not a child now, like he was then.' Well, but don't let that disappoint you, because He does not forget like many people do how he felt when he was a child, and besides let me tell you this,—if you love him and if you were to

die soon, you would go to him, and he would take you in his arms and straight you would be just such a holy, happy, blessed child as he was. O, it is a glorious thing for a child to love Jesus Christ."—There, Paul."

"It says we might be like him in the picture, doesn't it, Master Leon?"

"Yes,—when we die, you know, Paul."

Then Paul lay still as if tired. So the minutes stole on, and their feet fell pit-pat on the solemn air.

"Don't you hear that music now, Master Leon?—Oh, listen." But Leon heard nothing, only the ticking of the clock.

Paul shut his eyes. "There, I see a face like in that picture and he looks at me so,—it is in the dark,—no, there is a bright light far away,—that music! Mother, don't cry,—I couldn't help talking then."

"It is not that, my child; but don't mind me; I can't help crying till you are

better." Just then Ellen came in with the flower.

"There, that's a good girl, Ellen; but, O, my poor flower! It is fading, mother, no one has watered it,—O, Ellen!"

Paul's father was a skilful gardener, and by his help Paul had reared this winter flower. Have you ever loved a flower that bloomed when all around was dead? Then you can sympathize with Paul, as Christ did, who loved Abijah that little Hebrew winter flower of old.

How much was Leon learning now!

And there was One who watched him ever, not merely in the kindness of his acts, but in the silent sympathies of his heart, and He—the glory of all worlds,—but the very Life of this,—called the little comfort-bearer a brother in His mighty work.

The physicians soon gave up all hope, and Paul's path pointed along a lonely

road. He murmured sometimes of sweet sounds and sights, and still loved that picture.

When his Sunday School teacher heard of his state, he himself was in sad grief,—but holy grief helps holy works, and he set out to see him. His voice was mild, his eyes were kind, his hair was slightly grey ; he was like an autumn tree whose leaves have not the green of spring but shine with a mellow colour in the departing sun. He laid his hand on Paul's, as the boy, unconscious of his presence at first, still gazed mournfully at the flower.

“ I see you are grieving about your flower,” he said, pleasantly ; but with something tender and sorrowful in the tone, while with the other hand he took the plant, “ and it is a pity, too,—what a beautiful flower.”

“ O, yes, I am so sorry,” he answered

faintly ; “ but Ellen took care of it. Grandfather sent it me, you know.”

“ But see, Paul, there is seed inside, and it is only the leaves of the flower that are dying ; this seed can be planted again in a beautiful garden, and produce more splendid flowers.”

“ Would it ? When I get well, then —”

A tear fell on his hand, he heard his mother crying, too,—Leon laid his face on one hand, and leaned on the bed looking silently at Paul. “ *Shall* I get better, teacher ?” asked Paul, almost in a whisper.

“ I had a flower once,” his teacher answered ; “ O, so beautiful, and it was the only one I had. Ah, I loved that flower.”

“ Was it like this ?”

“ That is a lovely flower, dear child ; but mine was far more beautiful and more precious. But it drooped and was sickly. I cried over it, but crying would not save it,

and at last, a great king sent word to me and said, ‘ Don’t be so very sorrowful about your little flower, for after all it is only the leaves that are dying, and I will take the seed that is in it and plant it among my palaces.’ So I let it go, and there it springs up now in clear and sunny weather, and the sunlight is that king’s smile.”

Paul looked at him aside with a timid enquiring look, and Leon raised his head from his hand ; there was silence a moment, and then Leon said, “ Do you mean heaven ? ”

“ I do mean heaven, and that dear flower was my boy, my pride, my hope, my—no, not my all.” As he said this he turned to the mother. “ When his life was going, God said to me in my heart, ‘ Don’t be so *very* sorrowful about your little boy, it is only his body that is dying, and I will take the soul that is in him

and plant it in my palaces.' He laid his head on my arm last night as I sat by him, and suddenly his dim eyes brightened; he said, ' Papa, I see heaven,' and then flew there." Paul's teacher could hardly say this much. He got up, he stooped over Paul and kissed him,—Paul clung to him, asking him not to go away, " But," said he, " I know you will let me go to be with the dead leaves of my lovely flower,—there,—Jesus Christ died for you as well as for my boy, he loves you as much as him; speak to him; he will hear you; tell him you want him to be with you, tell him you are sorry you did not love him more before this,—Arthur is waiting for you, though I know not what they call him there,—tell him his papa is happy now, and will wait, till Arthur's Saviour takes him to his little boy."

" Show me that picture again, please,"

whispered Paul, after he was gone. So Leon held it up. "Will you read about it?" So Leon read it again.

"Mother! don't you hear the music?—there, it's louder than ever! Don't cry, mother, and I see, O, such pretty things,—come on Ellen, we shan't be run over,—that's it! and my flower —"

So Leon went slowly out, and, as he gently shut the door, there was the murmuring sound of a feeble voice, like a faint straggling breeze when it dies on a flowery eve.

At midnight there was a cry. And Leon, roused by it, went hastily without dressing, and hardly knowing why, to Paul's room. There, in the flickering lamp-light with its gloomy shadows, the boy was dying, leaning on his mother's breast; his father held his hand, and his great-grandfather, with his reverend locks and peaceful loving face, stood before them. And the

wandering mind seemed to calm itself for that solemn road.

Paul's eye turned faintly on Leon, and then on the plant beside. He whispered in broken words, "Take it—Leon's garden—"

"Yes, yes," said old Paul; "Master Leon will take care of it for thee."

"Paul," said his father, "do want to go to Jesus?"——"Yes—yes; he loves me."

"Thou art going before," said the old man, "to the land old Paul loves. I will not fear for thee, little lamb, for thou hast a shepherd. 'He carrieth the lambs in his bosom.'" He bent down and kissed his great grandson, and the little frail arm was feebly raised to clasp around his neck.

Then he closed his eyes. "Surely he is gone," said his father. But he whispered faintly, "Jesus, — Jesus,—faces—so —" beautiful, it was thought he wished to say; and he opened his eyes again. They were brighter. He gazed fixedly as if at some-

thing glorious, and then suddenly raising himself up he stretched out his arms in the direction of his gaze and cried, "Take me!"

And he was not—for God took him.

IN THE SILENCE.

I HAVE seen it written by a writer whose words I much admire, that it is not remarkable single events which affect children's minds, but rather the constant wearing of every day things. Well; I think my writer shows her knowledge of human nature in saying this, but still, few whole truths are contained in a single saying, and this truth has its other side.

"I know what you mean now, Paul, by the land you talk about—heaven."

"Right, little master, that is old Paul's bright sunny land."

"And so we need not be sorry about your little boy, need we?"

"Why, yes, we need; it grieves me when I think what a fine useful fellow he might have grown up."

"Then, don't you like him going to heaven?"

"How would your mamma like *you* to go to heaven, my little boy?"


"O, Paul, mamma would be so sorry if I was to die."

"Yes, because we don't like to see the little flower cut down before it blooms. O, yes, old Paul grieves; but not without hope, little master, not without hope."

So the silent days went by. And the hours with their fairy footfalls stole on through that solemn room, where the unmoved ears heard no longer the music of another world, and the softly closed eyes saw no more, visions of a more than earthly glory; for it was not those eyes nor those ears that of themselves so reached forward into heaven; yet underneath the solemn

white lies something strange and awful ; not Paul, O, no, but like the morning cloud which held the rising sun and was rosy with its light,—now lying pale and cold on the horizon while the sun itself roams freely through the heavens.

Leon comes there. He is very timid at first. He opens the door and peeps in. How solemn the tick—tick—tick of the clock ! No ; he dare not go right in ; but why ? Is not Paul in heaven ? “ I wonder when I shall go there, too,” he ponders ; but he closes the door again, and does not enter this time. But he visits it with old Paul and with his mamma ; he kisses the cold forehead and wonders whether Paul knows about it. After that he is not so much afraid to go in alone. He looks at the picture again ; he knows that now Paul has seen that face alive ; it was He that made Paul so happy ; He had made Arthur happy besides ; does He not



love Leon, too? At least Leon loves *Him* ; but how could Leon love Him unless He loved Leon first. This last is not what Leon thought ; this is what the Bible says.

Then partly to please old Paul, and partly to please that within us which longs to sleep that long sleep in some murmur-lulled, flowery spot, they laid the dead by Moring Church, where all night long the river sings peace, peace, and where perchance in the rustle of the trees, the spirit passes by among the heaven-sent cherubs who drop their nightly balm on weary eyelids in the vale.

LORD CLOUDESLEY.

“ OH—and so this is Paul’s grave, is it ?
Well, really !”

“ Yes, Master Leon, that’s the one ; I
watched the funeral.”

“ But there is nothing on it ; and mamma
said she would have a monument here.”

“ Why, Nora and me—we put some
flowers over ; but they died.”

“ Did you ? That’s good children. How
is Nora, Tom ?”

This was Leon talking to Tom Mason
under the great sycamore tree in Moring
Churchyard. He had a riding whip in his
hand, and, at the churchyard gate, a ser-
vant on horseback held his pony. Tom

was, as usual, with his shining dark eyes, and straight hair, and roundish face, with his black Scotch cap on his head and loose white pinafore.

"How *is* Nora, Tom? We only returned this morning."

"Very well, thank you, sir."

"I suppose you have just come out of school, Tom. How do you get on with your lessons?" asked Leon, who, in his important position as young landlord, thought it his duty to see how his young tenantry went on with their education.

"O—I don't know, Master Leon," replied Tom, whose principal idea on the subject was that he had got *through* them for that day.

"Well, how do your rabbits get on?"

"Splendidly, Master Leon, and such fine ones. I wish you would come and see them."

" Well,—I don't think I *may* go, Tom, now, but I'll ask mamma another time."

" But I might bring some up to you if your mamma would let me."

" Certainly, my rustic courtier," cried a gay voice, coming from behind the tree, " I give you my permission. Bring a menagerie if you like. How do you do, dear Albion, said to be so called from the abundance of chalk?" So rattling on, the owner of the voice, who was a handsome and elegantly dressed young gentleman of fifteen or sixteen years of age, stepped up to Leon, and seizing his hand, shook it as if he had very serious intentions of bringing it off altogether.

" Oh!—Cousin Waring! Herbert! my hand!"

" Come, come, child, I don't believe you are too old to be kissed, yet. Hold up your face, you rogue,—do you hear?" In the

small struggle which followed, Leon clasped his arms round Lord Cloudesly's neck and leaned all his weight upon him, but his cousin made nothing of it, and lifting him fairly up bore him towards the wall.

"Here,—into the water with you, you refractory little descendant of an obstinate sea-king—over with you!"

"Take care, Herbert! I shall fall! I shall fall! Tom, help me!"

"Tom, if you want to be food for fishes come here by all means; will you do what I tell you, my little pale-face,—because if you don't—O, you will? It's well you know when you're obliged." So saying, he carried him in his arms away from the wall. "You see what a baby you are,—a complete baby."

It was a constant joke of Lord Cloudesly's which Leon did not like, to make very

light of his age and quite to patronize him as a little child.

“ Ah, I shall be as big as you some day, my lord, and when I am,—see what you’ll catch—that’s all,” said Leon, when set free.

“ That’s all, child, is it? Dear me! what a large quantity! I’m afraid I can never swallow it all.”

“ O,—my riding whip! Tom, have you seen my whip? Cousin Waring, you have lost my beautiful riding-whip.”

“ There, now! Children are so unreasonable. How could I lose it, when I have not set finger on it?”

“ You set your fingers on me, though, and,—yes, now I remember, I had it in my hand, and you must have made me drop it into the river.”

“ Well, well, I’ll have it proclaimed among the fish that whichever will be

polite enough to bring it up shall have the honour of appearing in extra state on the table of Moring Hall."

"I don't care," said Leon, by which he meant that he cared immensely. "I don't care; it is really too bad of you to make fun of me so, when you have lost my beautiful little silver mounted whip that your mamma gave me."

"Now, my small, insulted Achilles—"

"Don't call me your horrid Latin names."

"No, I won't. Neither did I. Perhaps that was the name of your sea-king's grandfather's great uncles' grand aunt."

"You're always teasing me," whined Leon, dismally.

"Confine those briny drops, or we shall have beauty in tears, I declare,—no, no, cousin Leon;" he went on in a different tone, and, putting his arm round Leon's neck when he saw that his last figure was


in fact realised, "I know it was my fault; but see, here is my whip silver mounted also, and presented by my mamma's son. Take it, Leon, and then when that honest fish —"

"I wish you would leave the fish alone and not talk such nonsense."

"Done," said Lord Cloudesly, "as to the former part of your request, always excepting when I have my rod and lines with me, but as to the latter, why, as an Irishman said to me once when I blew him up for furnishing me with a horse that kicked me over his head first go off, 'Och, sure, my lard, an' isn't it the natur o' the baste?'"

"You are such a queer fellow," said Leon, half smiling through his tears.

"Well, I believe I am. They say just the same thing at Harrow. You see in some things you are as well up as they are there.—Hold! did you hear that splash,



Leon? I verily believe Tom has gone to be food for fishes after all."

They ran to the river side and there sure enough in a deep pool close under the wall poor Tom Mason was struggling for his life. They could hardly see him himself, even when he rose to the top, for the wild commotion of the water. Without a word, but, "stop there, Leon," when he saw Leon preparing to follow, Lord Cloudesly leaped lightly on to a small bank projecting into the water, and lying down, stretched to his utmost length, just managed to seize Tom. He raised him up on the bank, but Tom was so blinded with the water and with fright that it was a moment or two before he could stand properly."

"O, I'm drowned; I'm drowned;" were the first words Tom said, for he was quite bewildered.

"Are you? Well, don't drown me, too, by shaking all the wet off your clothes on

to me. Come, finish your drowning on dry land." So saying, Lord Cloudesly pushed him up the wall, and, then turning round, picked up Leon's riding whip, which was entangled in some weeds, and which Tom had been going after when he over-reached himself and fell in. He then ascended himself, and found Leon busy comforting Tom, and hoping he was not hurt.

"Well, I wouldn't be you for half-a-crown. What *will* your mother say?"

"Why, I couldn't help it,—I was getting Master Leon's whip."

"Which, I have no doubt, Master Leon will have pleasure in lending to your mother for your particular benefit."

"Never mind him, Tom," said Leon; "he is always teasing people."

"Come, come, don't stand there shaking like a small Newfoundland dog. Go home and meditate on the practical illustration

you have had of that interesting lesson in the spelling-book—'Tom fell in a pond.' Now, Albion, we'll go after him."

"What for, Herbert?"

"For fun and fancy—what else?"

"Well, but I mayn't."

"Yes you may,—with me. I'm your natural protector,—don't you see? O, I'll take care none of Tom's beasts bite your head off."

"The idea! Well, come on then. But you are such a fellow."

"Tell me something new, my small pale-face. You children do talk such nonsense, to be sure!"

They told the servant at the gate to follow them with their ponies, and walked up the village to where Tom lived. It was a small neat house with a porch before the door, where bright tin cans shone in the sun, and having a stone paved yard with a stable down one side. As they walked up the

yard Tom appeared in the porch half-dressed, and looked as if he did not know whether to come out to meet them, or run away. So he did neither.

Then his mother came hastily out to meet them. She was as lavish in her thanks to Lord Cloudesly as if he had dived to the bottom of a sea three miles deep after her son, declaring that, if it had not been for him, her poor Tom would certainly have lost his life.

“ Well, if it had not been for us he would not have got into the water at all.”

“ Indeed, he’s always in somewhere or other, my lord ; and I dare say it was altogether his own fault.”

“ Not a bit of it ; he is a thorough going, good natured, decent little soul. Here, Tom, I’ve brought Master Leon to see your menagerie. Where is it ?”

So Tom ran out and led the way round to the end of the house where was his little

farm which he had made principally himself, and greatly delighted Leon by the exhibition of his different coops and cages, and rabbits of all ages and sizes.

"How ever could you make all these, Tom?"

"O—I don't know. It's easy enough. We've got some pigeons, too, Master Leon. Would you like to see them?"

"But, Tom, I think I'll make a place to keep rabbits in."

"Will you?" laughed Lord Cloudesly. "Why, then, I will believe the tale about the flying castle."

"I'll make one for you, if you like, Master Leon."

"Well, but I ought to make it myself, Tom, you know," answered Leon, without minding his cousin.

"Really you children are very tiresome. How long are you going to be?"

Then the two children ran off together to


a place behind the house where the dove-cote was placed against a wall. But Lord Cloudesly walked along in the dignity of coming manhood, and was left behind. He had to pass along by a hedge, and, almost before he was aware, he had heard a conversation at the other side of it which was not intended for him. Two women were hanging clothes to dry, and Tom's mother was one.

"Well, indeed, poor child," said her companion; "he does not look likely for this life."

"I'm afraid not," answered Mrs. Mason. "You've heard about him being so kind to the poor child that was run over in London, and that they brought him up here to bury in the churchyard?"

"Yes, you mean old Paul's grandchild."

"Aye, to be sure. Well, he was more like an angel to him than anything else."



“ So he was ; I hope the Lord will spare him, yet.”

“ It would be a bad day for Moring if he was to die.” It was about this that Lord Cloudesly came within hearing. “ Ah !” continued the same woman, “ I suppose the property would go to young Lord Cloudesly. They say they’re related besides Sir Canute’s marriage.”

“ Well, *I* ought to think well of Lord Cloudesly.”

“ Yes, its natural ; but he’s not like our little Sir Leon that is to be. They say he is so thoughtless and wild like.”

But, if he was thoughtless and wild, Herbert was not mean, and besides knowing that listeners hear no good of themselves, he hastened on. Perhaps he trod more heavily, for the women looked up and saw him. “ Mercy on us,” said the one, “ he’s been listening. Well, I think none the better of him for that.”

"Tom," said Leon, when they were by themselves, "how would you like to have been drowned, really?"

"I should like to know who *would* like it," said Tom, laughing.

"No, but Tom I don't mean in fun. You know if you had been drowned you would have gone to heaven—wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps," said Tom, doubtfully.

"I shouldn't like to be killed, either," said Leon. "It must be so dreadful to be run over, or drowned, or anything like that. I should like to die—" but Lord Cloudesly was standing there, and he stopped. "Go on, Leon,—tell me, too, cousin—I shan't laugh." Leon looked partly up into his face and then on to the ground; "Why, I should like to die like Paul." He was yet afraid lest his cousin should laugh. But Lord Cloudesly looked at him a moment and then, suddenly,

“Come, Leon, let’s be off. I want to have a regular neck or nothing gallop with you. Come away, my boy. Tom, you come up to the Hall some time to-morrow.”

“And tell Nora Fairly I want her,” said Leon, looking back as his cousin dragged him off.

Tom followed to the road, stood and held the stirrup for Leon, while the servant attended to Lord Cloudesly, and then warned by looks and signs from his mother, who came forth with many protestations to see them off, made a gallant bow as they rode away.

“Not that way, cousin Waring, not that way! I want to go by Mr. Faram’s.”

“O, what do you want to go there for?” said Herbert, discontentedly.

“Why, I want to call on him.”

“Well, but what do you want to call on him now for?”

“ O—I like him,—I like to talk to him.”

“ Stuff—nonsense.”

“ Well, but why not ?”

“ Oh, you’re too young. You are too old-fashioned for anything. That’s what makes you so ill.” They were still riding on towards Moring Hall.

“ You *might* go with me, Herbert. Do, there’s a good fellow.”

“ No, I won’t, Leon. That’s the long and short of it. So you may go by yourself, if you like.”

“ Very well.” So Leon was turning his rein, but horses are fond of company and of home, too, so that altogether the pony seemed to be of Lord Cloudesly’s mind.

“ Sea-king,” that was the pony’s name, “ Sea-king seems to like parsons as little as I do. I don’t believe you can make him go there,” laughingly said Lord Cloudesly.

"Can't I, though?" said Leon. Sea-king backed and reared, but Leon was a good little horseman, and when the servant rode up and would have seized the rein, he scornfully rejected his help.

"Go on," said Leon. "Decidedly not," said the pony, with a shake of his head. "I'll make you, though," said Leon. "Do it, if you can," said Sea-king, obstinately backing. Lord Cloudesly laughed louder. Leon was lost in a passion, and passion with him was fury. He lashed the pony with all the strength he had, which certainly was not much; but "Sea-king" was not used to such treatment, and, uttering a fierce grunt, he griped the bit between his teeth and sprang away back again at lightning speed, striking fire on the stones with his shoes. Leon leaned back in the saddle, and, with his feet against the stirrups, pulled with all his might, but he might as well have tried to pull the tower

of the Hall over, and before Lord Cloudesly had time to say, " Now, then, we must catch him, Sam," to the servant, he was close to Tom's house again. Tom was still standing by the gate, and, seeing what was the matter, he rushed into the middle of the road waving his arms to stop Sea-king; then he made a brave attempt to catch at the reins, but, just as a man ran out to help him, he was borne down, trampled on, and had his arm broken, while Sea-king rushed on like a comet,—his tale streaming in like fashion. Leon was now thoroughly frightened, and clutched hold of the saddle as he flew. He was nearest of all to being thrown off as the pony shot round the corner that turned toward Mr. Faram's. There was a man walking down the road, " Oh, stop him, please !" cried Leon ; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth before he was twenty yards beyond him.

" If that is not Master Leon coming on

like lightning! look! look!" exclaimed Nora Fairly, standing in a group of girls who were late at the school that afternoon, "Look! look! how he does ride!"

"O, Miss Pierce," this was the penetrating teacher who came out to the gate just now on her way home, "O, Miss Pierce!" exclaimed Amy Winter, "just look!"

"I thought Master Leon was in London."


"That's him, for certain," said Nora. "And see those others after him."

"What stupidity," said Miss Pierce, inwardly, "high and low, one child's as stupid as another." Then aloud, "Poor child, he'll be killed; see there, his foot is out of the stirrup,—didn't you hear him scream?"

"Please, ma'am, all of us together might stop him," said Nora.

"Nonsense!—Well, I suppose it is our

duty to try. Now, then, you little stupid things, he'll be here in a moment ; here, I say, stand by me, will you?" So saying, Miss Pierce, whose heart was better than her tongue or her head either, stood in the middle of the road and gathered the girls, who were about four or five of the biggest in the school, by her, telling them to try and frighten the pony, but if he showed no signs of stopping to scutter out of the way like lightning. So they waved their arms, and bonnets, and tippets, and cried sh—shoo!—wey!—and really they succeeded in frightening Sea-king, for he stopped so suddenly as very nearly to throw Leon over his head, and then rearing and plunging, shook his other foot out of the stirrup, but hearing the clatter of hoofs close behind, and seeing Miss Pierce bravely advancing to board him, he sprang at the wall on the opposite side of the road, cleared it, and fell just beyond. When he rose, Leon was not



on him, but Sea-king stood quite still, gazing rather comically on the poor frail figure that he had at length succeeded in laying senseless on the earth.

Lord Cloudesly leaped down, threw himself over the wall, and sat down, raising his little cousin in his arms. "Leon, Leon, cousin Leon, are you hurt? O, don't you see me, Leon?"—"Hadn't you better bring him into the school, sir?" said Miss Pierce, coming hastily round through a gate a few yards up. "I'll take him any where, and do any thing that'll bring him to," said Lord Cloudesly. "O, Lord, what *should* I do if he were harmed?"—Lord Cloudesly was given to using some awful words in common and foolish talk, but now he meant it in the fervency of his spirit, for he had some recollection of what Lady Moring had referred to in sympathising with Paul's mother, and rather than meet the

utter distraction and woe he had seen then, he felt as if he would himself die.

He took up his burden, resisting the offers of the servant to take it from him, and they went over to the house of Mr. Davies. Leon came to himself before they reached the house. "Herbert, where am I?"—"By —!" he was going to make one of his favourite exclamations of delight, but he stopped himself, and only said, "O, you're all right, so never mind. Are you hurt, Leon?" "Not much; let me walk; I can walk now, Herbert." "Very likely, but may I never set foot on the ground again if I let you try." "Now, Herbert!" "Now, Leon, come, come, hush; I'm not teasing you now, but you'll do my way for once,—you've had your own, you know." This last was said in a whisper. Mr. Davies came out to meet them, and showed them into a little parlour, where everything

was bright and neat, and the little shepherds and shepherdesses looked completely happy on the chimney-piece. "Here, Sam, my cousin's pony is rather fond of a run. Take him, leave the two others here. In five minutes you are up at the Hall. In three more you have a carriage ready, and in eight more it is standing at the gate. That gives sixteen minutes in all, you see. And you needn't kick up such a row as to raise the old Sea-king out of his grave—you understand,—though by the way he never had any. There you are." So saying, he turned back into the parlour. Leon, contrary to the persuasions of Miss Pierce, who was discoursing to him about the danger, and to herself about the stupidity of all children, high and low, was staggering along taking hold of the table.

"Here, come, none of that!" said his cousin; and, taking hold of him, laid him on the sofa.

“What are you so vexed with me for, Herbert?”—“Because you are vexed with me, because I wont let you have your own way twice in one morning,—how absurd,—just like you children.”—“Why, I was just telling him, sir, how valuable his life is and how careful he ought to be.”

“Extremely sensible of you, ma’am. Only think if he were to die now,—I suppose the Earl of Waring that is to be would come into the property, and what a scapegrace he is to be sure.”

“Now, Herbert, — really !” — “Hold your tongue, Albion. Not one word. If you speak,—I shall be out of friends with you for six months, there now.”

Now Miss Pierce did not know Lord Cloudesly. “Well, so I’ve heard, sir. They say he is so wild, and quite careless about everything but his own amusement.”

“O, dreadfully so, ma’am. I suppose

the people about here would run off in the night with their houses on their backs if he were to come here, and Moring Hall would repeat the tragedy of the Seaking."

"Certainly they have a considerable objection to him, sir, though I don't know that it is quite so bad as that," said Miss Pierce, hardly knowing whether she ought to smile, for Lord Cloudesly's laugh was hardly like a laugh.

"Never you mind, Leon,—we shall never see him here that's certain, and when you are Sir Leon Moring, Bart., of Moring—why I'll come and take a cottage myself and be one of your tenants, for, if you are not the x x x essence of goodness, what is?"

"Now, Herbert! Hold your noise."—"O, what is that little girl I have heard about—Mary Fairy—no, Nora Fairy, because is that her?—there at the gate?"—"O, yes, it is—I *should* like to see her." Lord

Cloudesly threw open the window, called her, and lifted her through. "There you are,—now stop a bit, what's the hurry?—if you let Master Leon get off that sofa—I'll never let you speak to him again,—do you hear?" So saying, Lord Cloudesly stepped out through the window and walked into the road, muttering moodily; some words Miss Pierce caught sounded highly improper to her, and so they were.

Lord Cloudesly had taken safe measures, and Leon did *not* get off the couch, but they talked of the sports they would have once more and of going to see old Paul together, and no fairy-land of by-gone days ever shone more bright through the golden hours than did the coming moments as they seemed to dance merrily toward them then, and no fairy-land of by-gone days ever melted away in so strange a light—so dark, so bright,—no, never.

"O, Nora, you know about Paul's happy

land,—well, I've found it out?" "Have you?" "Yes, Nora,—guess—guess where it is."—"Why, Australia."—"No, no." She tried several other places, and gave it up. He pointed upward. "Up in heaven, Nora, and little Paul went there,—and there's a picture that I've got—tells us all about Jesus Christ—I'll shew it to you, Nora."

"Thank you, Master Leon."

"And, Nora, there was a gentleman that told Paul about his little boy dying, and about Jesus Christ. It made Paul so glad—you can't think. But I'll tell you what, Nora—" and his voice sank—"suppose we were to die you know,—why He loves us, too, and if we love Him he'll take us to that happy land, so you see—" A shadow lay on his face and he looked up at his cousin, whose face was a strange mixture of pride, vexation, and kindness. Leon blushed. "O, Leon, you don't think I

should laugh at *that*, do you? Won't your Saviour love me, too? and take me there some day?" Leon did not answer; but, when the carriage came and he walked between his mamma and cousin to the carriage, he whispered to Herbert, "You are a good fellow,—I like you—though you are queer, too."

They had not told Nora about her cousin being hurt yet, and now, when they did tell her, she set off running down the road to see how he was, and she was running still as the carriage passed her on the way.

"The unlucky youngster!" said Lord Cloudesly, "we must send to enquire whether he is much hurt." So they did, and his arm was already set, and he was getting on very well.

As they passed through the stone gateway, by which the drive entered the small open space at the front of the Hall, Leon looking out spied Paul's plant flourishing on

a balustrade. “How beautiful it will look there when it flowers again, mamma.”

“Yes ; though not so beautiful as the living one in heaven, Leon.”

RECITATIVE.

“ALL that’s bright must fade.” Oh, never believe that, never, never. The bright and the beautiful last for ever. It is only the outward fairness fades that the inner glory may burst into everlasting life. Tom Mason was rapidly recovering, and had come up to see Leon, before Leon could come farther than the ante-chamber to his bedroom, and Nora was with him as of old, though their dreams of the sunshine and the flowers were not fulfilled, but sometimes when Nora and Tom were there together he would make them go out and play together in the sun while he watched them from his old window in the tower. And they would

look at that picture, and he would read about it again, or Nora would read it for him while he pressed his forehead to the window-pane. There was no timepiece in the room at first, but he said he should so like one, and it startled Lady Moring, but yet she had one placed there, and so he sometimes listened for long together at the footfalls of the hours. He took strange ways, but who does not take strange ways with illness? and happy they who take ways so pleasant, if strange, as Leon Moring. Sometimes, when the dying sun streamed melancholy through the window, it seemed turned pale by the faded face gazing with fixed meaning on that picture. "Mamma," he said once, "sometimes when you go away a bit, and every one goes away,—it seems, you know, when I look at that picture as if I had company, like as if Jesus was here." O, Leon, he *was* there, for he is everywhere where he is loved. Lord

Cloudesly did not stay long, but he soon came over again to see "Leo," and boisterous as Lord Herbert was, he would sit long with his cousin, while their arms clasped each other looking at that picture, or at the wide view of river, hills and fields. Then, as the summer grew on, the physicians thought it would be safe, as it was highly desirable, to take Leon over into France. So it was settled, and, after he had been made a little accustomed to the air, one summer evening, before the evening breezes crept over the shivering leaves, Leon and his two friends sat with Lady Moring on the top of the tower. Nora was sewing for Lady Moring, and, with his arm not yet quite free, Tom sat down at Leon's feet. "Yes, we shall be far away, Leon, before to-morrow evening," said Lady Moring.

"And remember you two now, Mamma says you *may* write letters to me, and I shall to you,—you'll think on."

So, after enquiries as to whether the post-office in the village would really send them to France, and divers other matters, they said they really would think on.

“ And you may come here sometimes to look at the grounds, and—O, I’ll tell you what, just make that Peter think on about Paul’s flower.”

Then they watched the sun sink from bank to bank of clouds, sometimes darting his red light far over into the gloomy mountains above, as the dying soul will dart remembrance to the darkened past long, long gone-by, or again playing with the silver ripples on the river and the swaying flowers on the banks. “ I often used to wonder about what sort of a place the sun goes to at night,” said Leon. “ I know it is the earth goes round and not the sun, to be sure, but still it seems as if there must be a place for the sun to go to, and I

always used to think it was where faeries and genii and those things are."

Still the sun sank downwards through glories that he knew not of to that wondrous land ; and so do we all.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THESE are what I stumbled on, or rather picked up by much trouble, still wandering near that monument.

TOURS, *September 15, 18—.*

MY DEAR NORA,

I suppose you and Tom think that I have forgotten you, but the truth is, I have been so busy with one thing and another that I have not been able to write before now. We have been to many towns for change of air, and we have seen the place of the Battle of Waterloo. I like this town very much, but, at some places where we have been, there were such a many stairs to

get up that mamma could hardly get up them, but I liked it, it is such fun. I am quite well. How are you and Tom? You would laugh if you saw how they use nothing but bullocks to plough with, and the strangest of it is, they always seem to be standing still. Don't you remember how I used to hate having to learn French lessons and having French servants? Well, now I am very glad, and I would advise you to learn things, too.

I have seen splendid churches, about ten times as big as St. Helen's, and I think heaven must be something like them, they are so fine, especially when the music plays. I used to think I was going to heaven soon, you know, but now I am better, and I got a letter from Mr. Faram, and he says he is so glad because I can serve Jesus Christ before I go there. I should like to do that. I have the picture with me. I have seen lots of splendid ones, but I love my old

picture the best. Take care of Paul's plant. Go into my play-room and see how it looks, and how the river looks. I hope it is not poisoned yet. Remember me to Tom and to old Paul. I know what Paul's pearl is now. It is the love of Jesus Christ. I have a good deal of fun here and plenty of boys that I may play with. Some are English and some are French. How many rabbits has Tom got now? Write as soon as you can, and believe me yours,

LEON ADOLPHUS R. MORING.


NORA FAIRLY,
Moring.

MORING, *September 25, 18—.*

DEAR MASTER LEON,

I am glad you are better. So is Tom. Tom's arm is quite well, at least almost well. I am going to be a teacher, and I am very much obliged to Lady Moring because she has done a great deal for me.

Please tell her. Father told me how to begin my letter, and he says he will tell me how to end it, but I don't know what to put in the middle. I am very thankful for your letter, and you are very kind to me. I wish you were back ; so does every one, but yet we don't because we should so like you to get quite well. I went to look at your room, as you told me, and all the things were covered up, so that it looked quite different, but when I looked out of the window then it seemed the same. The plant is getting on very well, and Peter says he would almost rather have his head cut off than any harm should come to it, because you love it. Mr. Faram was at our house and he read us some of your letter. I want to be like you very much indeed, if I could. I try to listen to the sermons at church, but I can't. I was talking to Tom about it, and he says he wonders how ever you are so good. He can't be it, he says. He



gets on well at school though, and he has twenty-four rabbits altogether. The people often ask me if I know when you are coming back. When will you ?

Excuse this sorry scrawl, and believe me yours, respectfully,

NORA FAIRLY.

MASTER L. A. R. MORING,

Tours.

MORING, *October 10, 18—.*

DEAR MASTER LEON,

I hope you will excuse me taking the liberty of writing a letter, but you said I might. My rabbits are getting on very well, and so am I. I don't mean I am good, because I can't be that. I know I ought to, but I can't. The gravestone has been put on Paul's grave at last, and every one likes it. I do too. I should like to have one like that on my grave, but I'm not good enough to die, I know. I was

going over Jackson's field, near the stepping stones, on Saturday afternoon, and I was chased by their bull, but it was not near enough to me, and I got away. Father and mother hope your health is quite well. Nora and I went to see old Paul one day, and he told us more about his pearl, and was so pleased with your letter to Nora. And he told me to tell you this from him, and I hope you will excuse me taking the liberty; he said, "Tell Master Leon from old Paul to be sure whether he is ill or well, or pleased or vexed, to tell Jesus Christ all about it." When Nora and I wondered when you were coming back, he said "the spring will bring all the flowers back," and Nora says he meant about you. Good-bye. I am your humble, obedient servant,

THOMAS MASON.


MASTER L. A. R. MORING,

Tours



Of course up to this time I have given you the most remarkable events that occurred helping to form Leon's soul. These go rapidly on when you read them, and so you do not think how the days crept slowly on with him, just as they do with you through the year and a half to two years, of which we are now coming to the end. Therefore you will not properly understand how in this time by little and little he came to be not only admired and thought much of in the village as its heir, the living flower that had blown upon the great dead old tree that had sprung up there, age by age, but loved as they who love always will be. "For whoso liveth in love, liveth in God and God in him." So then, if you can take this in, all the world that loves God must love him too. So it came about that all the children who made their bows and curtsies to him as he rode along, loved Master Leon because he al-

ways smiled on them, or as they said, "laughed at them" in return, and the men and women prophesied better times even than they had then, when Master Leon came to manage his own property. Oftentimes was he peevish and passionate with the servants, and then he was miserable himself afterwards, though sometimes he hardly knew why. But they bore with that, for they knew it was his weakness, and there was hardly one who would not have toiled night and day for Master Leon, but it takes very little of a certain sort of kindness to make most people do that. Remember Topsy. Peter always examined Leon's plant when he came to his work in a morning. Yet he was a great, tall, stiff old gardener still when Leon was by and liked to puzzle him. Thus, when any letter came to the post from France, it was known directly through the village, and every one enquired of Mr. Edwards, or Peter, or Mr.




Faram how Master Leon was, and then how my lady was. One day, as the spring was drawing toward the summer, a letter was received by Mr. Edwards, and, as he had come into the village himself, he was set upon with enquiries, to which he replied, that my lady was in excellent health, and Master Leon had grown quite strong, but he did not expect them back till the end of the summer. However, he was more seen bustling about the village after that. He had interviews with the schoolmaster — with Mr. Faram, but no one could tell what about. One day a waggon brought a number of things which were placed in the blacksmith's yard, for Moring had no joiner of its own, and some adventurous boys, amongst whom, of course, was Tom Mason, having climbed over, declared it was a great big tent. Here, like a lawyer, I shall put in another document.

TOURS, *May* 20, 18—.

MY DEAR NORA,

I dare say you think I ought to have written to you before, but you know I have to write to such a many people, and mamma will not let me read or write much. She would not let me tell you this, I mean what I am going to tell you, till now. And you must not tell any one except Tom Mason. You know my birthday is on the 10th of June. Is that flower come out yet, I mean the one that flowers only in a hundred years? I wish Peter would make it come out on my birthday. And mamma wants all the village to have a holiday: won't you have fun? I should so like to be there, but mamma will stop here such a time, and I am quite well, all the while. There will be so many splendid things, only I can't tell you all now. There will be a balloon to go up. Mr. Edwards has to manage it all,



and you will have the prizes given at school, too. I hope you will get one. Remember me to Tom, and tell old Paul I do so much want to talk to him again. Believe me, yours,

L. A. R. MORING.

NORA FAIRLY,
Moring

EARTHLY JOY.

RED clouds at night had told fair weather, but all the children in the place had done that before them. Difficult was the work for deliberate fathers to calm the palpitating anxiety of their children. "Are you sure it will be fine, father?"—"Is it always fine when the sky is red at night—always?" And through a great part of that night the children looked up from their windows on earth, while stars looked down from their windows in heaven.

Up rose the morning on the heights. Are days *always* dark that begin so brightly? And if they are, why be darkened by the cloud before it overshadows us? The children were not; having cast

a half-fearing glance at the window on waking, their joy was full. Very little breakfast was taken by the younger branches at Moring that morning.

There were two erections on a field by the river, on the same side as the village, near the stepping stones. One was the tent before mentioned, in which all the tenants were to sit down to dinner ; another was in a hollow that opened from the stream which was taken advantage of to form a kind of theatre, with planks placed round for seats. Here the prizes were to be distributed, addresses delivered, fireworks and balloon set off, and so on. In the morning at eleven o'clock the children were to assemble in the theatre, that is in the centre, while their parents ranged around above. Of course some set off at half-past eight, and they were all there by half-past nine.

There was a platform near the river, on

which a table and several chairs were set. When the children were set in their proper order, Mr. Davies mounted this platform and began to arrange the prizes, when he was greeted with a hearty cheer. Presently Mr. Faram came and took his seat as chairman, when young and old all joined in showing how they loved the man who told them by word and act that "God is Love." Soon he called on the children to sing, and soon the angels listened from the open sky; for looking one way they could see the glorious smile of Jesus as he bent his ear, and looking down they heard the little children suffered to come to him singing—

" We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And sing aloud, Hosanna,
To David's royal Son.

Hosanna, Hosanna ! to Jesus our king."

And the stones, though not " their silence

shaming," could not keep from joining in, but echoed upwards the sound. In this they were like the courts of heaven, and so heaven was made on earth. And the angels did not say,—“ O, these children just sing it because they have been taught,” as some people would, for they knew the children loved Him, they only wished them to love him more. So there was joy in heaven as well as on earth.

After Mr. Faram had told the Lord of children how glad they were that He had made them so happy, and that they knew they ought to love Him far more than they did, and how they hoped that he would be with them all that day, then he spoke to them and told them that he supposed they knew that the breaking up for the holidays was arranged for that day that it might be part of a festival in honour of the tenth birthday of Master Leon Moring. He had no doubt that happy as they were they

would have been far happier if he could have been present, but it would be a pleasure to them to know that he was in good health, and, in fact, was getting quite strong. Mr. Faram then told them about the plant in the grounds at Moring which had just produced its flower after a hundred years, and said he believed the Moring family had produced *its* flower too. They must all pray that no blight might harm it. He said some other things, and then, towards the end of his address, looked round to the entrance by the river side; one of the servants from the Hall was standing there. Mr. Faram then said, "Some people are always grumbling and growling at the world they live in, and they will always tell you children that you must never expect to be happy, for you are sure to be disappointed. Now, there are some joys that turn out better than you expect. Such are those that you get by serving

God. Such will heaven be. And, indeed, to tell you the truth, such I think" (here he looked round again) "will be to-day. I told you at the beginning I thought you would be happier if Master Leon were here. Well, I am very glad to say that Lady Moring arrived unexpectedly, late last night, with Master Leon, and—and, here they are. Now, I am sure you all wish Master Leon, and yourselves too, many—many happy returns of this day, which you can show by standing up and giving three cheers. Hurrah!" And while old and young rising, enthusiastically gave, not only three cheers, but three times three, and moreover, Lady Moring, assisted by Lord Cloudesly, who *would* come over on purpose, with Leon by their side, advanced to the platform and took their seats. All were astonished to see how well Leon looked. The blood mounted to his cheeks, and his blue eyes sparkled with intelligence

and delight. He was dressed in a grey tunic and scarlet scarf. If any philosophical boys should read this let them not think dress of no importance. You ought to know that little things are often of a tolerable amount of importance, at least so you will find it is in this case.

It was a delightful scene altogether, with gay banners and happy faces, and a bright sky and a loving breeze, and over all a smiling Saviour. O, yes, the world is a good world, for all the long-faced may say! When Nora came up the broad steps in front of the platform to receive her prize, Leon nodded and smiled, "How do you do, I am so glad to see you again, and getting a prize, too." It was as plain as if he had said it—which he could not at that time. But no Tom Mason was mentioned. Such a thing was never heard of as Tom getting a prize, O, dear no. Well, when all that was over, Lady Moring was

about to go home, but Leon sadly wanted to stay and watch the children playing in the field while they were at dinner. "Well, my boy," she said, "I suppose we must give you a little of your own way now you are getting such a man." So she walked off to the carriage, leaving Leon standing on a step of the platform. He stood holding his cap in his hand, for it was warm, while the breeze fanned his glowing cheek and raised his slightly curling hair as he stood gazing joyously round the emptying theatre, and then following his mother with his eye. Then, not to her alone did he seem the flower of that assembly, for I am persuaded that, with One far above all, who respects not noble birth, he did seem the fairest there, for in him more perhaps than in most others was found some good thing toward the God of Israel. As his mother was about to step outside the theatre she turned and gazed fondly on

him ; he leaped down and bounded up to her, “ Mamma, if you want me to go, I’ll go with you.”—“ I know you would, my boy, but I don’t ; I want you to enjoy yourself.”—“ Oh, stop, Albion (you’re not Albion any more, though), I’ll come back to you directly,” said Lord Cloudesly, and then led Lady Moring to the carriage. Leon, after following them with his eyes, he hardly knew why, went back to his post and looked round ; he did not see Tom and Nora just at the moment, but there was old Paul making his way down the side of the theatre. Leon ran straight to him and seized his hands. “ O, Paul, I am so glad to see you again. How are you ?”—“ Well and happy, thank God, little master, and I bless him too for being a Father to thee as he is.”

“ Ah, I know about your treasure now, don’t I, Paul, and about you being a king, too ?” Here Tom and Nora came up and

stood behind Paul, for they were not very bold to come and speak to Leon after so long an absence. Besides, he looked different; he was taller, and though slender, still looked stronger. But he soon put them at their ease, and the four rather strange friends enjoyed themselves amazingly. Presently Lord Cloudesly came up and asked Leon to go and see the people at dinner. "Well, I'll see you again," he said to Paul and his two friends,—and—O, I'll tell you what, there's that flower, you know,—I want you to see it,—that hundred years' flower. Come with me just now. We can go across the stepping stones straight up to the Hall."

"Yes," said Lord Cloudesly, as they walked off, "if the stepping stones will be kind enough to move a little nearer just to oblige the young Sea-king on his birthday."

"There you are again, Herbert! Well,

now I shall pay you back mind, so look out for yourself."

" Good, Sir Leon, a fair exchange is no robbery. Now, then, go at it, I should so like to see you."

" No, I'll have you for a teasing machine and send you to every one I don't like."

Here they were asked to decide a race which was just being arranged amongst the boys, when immediately Lord Cloudesly sent for Tom to join in it, and Tom would certainly have gained it but that another boy whom he was passing, by some means or other tripped him. Lord Cloudesly was considerably indignant, maintaining that the boy did it on purpose, but Tom declared, " he never did, for certain. O, no, it was quite fair;" so it passed. Thus they were detained some time, and then went into the dining-booth.

In a moment or two Mr. Faram, who was kind enough to preside, gave them,

“Sir Leon Adolphus Moring that is to be,—a long life and a loving tenantry to him,” whereupon Lord Cloudesly actually, and on the spot, came out with his maiden speech. He said they must all be delighted to see their young master, growing up so quickly to be a man,—here he glanced at Leon, who glanced not at anything or anybody but the ground, and stood glowing like a fire, twirling his cap ; but, however, as he was hardly advanced enough to come out in public speaking, he (Lord Cloudesly) though by the way it was his first time—(cheers)—would take it on him to reply. He then thanked them heartily in the name of his cousin, and in conclusion said, he could not help saying something in his own name, and it was this, that it must be a happy thing for them to have their future landlord growing up amongst them, loved by them as he was and ought to be, and to be able from his youth to look forward to

having him with them through the term of their lives, which he hoped would be long and regular thorough-going merry ones. This was very warmly applauded, the men rising and cheering again.

“ It was too bad of you to take me in there, Herbert, in that way.”

“ You ungrateful little Dane, I wish to— O, I forgot—I wish I’d left you to make your speech yourself.”

“ The idea !” laughed Leon. “ Well, now I shall go up to the Hall, I suppose you’ll stop here till I come back.”

“ *I* suppose you want me to do it ; very well, I will. But, however, you are monarch of all you survey, just command those stones to move a bit nearer, or by—done again—or you won’t get over.”

“ Nonsense—what a fellow you are ! There’s Nora. I’ll not be long.”

“ Here, where’s the hurry,—shake hands—a large fish,—pike for instance, *might* you

know, *might* jump out and run away with you. There, take care of yourself for my sake, for you make me desperately good when I come across you."

Then Leon and his two attendants went towards the river, and his cousin gazed after him with a strange long look. Leon had never been over the stepping stones before, and to say the truth he was decidedly ambitious of doing it for its own sake. Now, the first step was the longest, and Tom skipped across easily. Leon went bravely up to it but halted at the brink. "O, it's easy enough, Master Leon," cried Tom, and jumped backwards and forwards two or three times. "All the rest are narrower." However, it is very likely Leon would not have got over; but he heard a voice on the bank above, "Stones, really I do wonder at your unpoliteness. Don't you know who it is wants to get over?" And immediately Leon leaped

right across, so as almost to throw Tom off the stone, but they grappled and steadied each other. The rest were easy, and they soon passed through their old gate. Leon led the way to an ornamental part of the garden just below the terrace, and there in the centre of a circular bed grew the plant in question. "This is it," said Leon; "but—O, where is the flower?"

"Is that it, Master Leon, on the ground?"

"O, poor flower, what a pity," mourned Leon, picking it up; "see, scarcely out of the bud, and now it is withering.—I wonder where Peter is." They heard a voice calling "Leon!" and, looking up, Mr. Faram stood leaning over the terrace balustrade. "Leon, will you come up here?"—"Come on," said Leon, to his attendants, and they ran round and up the steps at the end of the terrace past the cypress that grew solemnly at the bottom. Leon looked solemn also when he came near Mr. Faram,

for that gentleman seemed gloomy, though he never seemed forbidding even when so. "Look," said Mr. Faram, pointing, "I saw you come over there, and I saw Tom Mason encouraging you to get across those stones."

"Well, but I got over all the others quite easily. You don't know how wide that is,—is it not now, Tom?"

"I know it is. Leon, do you think it is a wide step from here to heaven?"

"O, Mr. Faram!"

"Do you think we should know how to take that step of ourselves? But there came One down from heaven to show us how. He crossed the grave, and—mark me—came back again to show us that we might go safe. Do you understand, Leon?"

"Why, yes, sir. That was Christ."

"That's right. Think about it. I wanted to tell you that, so I asked you to come up. God bless you."

“ But, Mr. Faram,—are you sorry ?”

“ You mean about the flower, child ?”

But Leon had meant about any thing, so he did not answer.—“ Yes, because it makes one think of greater things than that.”

Then Leon went up the turret stair and to his room in the tower. Here he left Nora and Tom while he went to look for Lady Moring, but he came back without finding her. “ Now, then, back again !” he cried. “ O, stay a moment, here is the book with the picture, so he opened it, and the gentle infant face beamed on theirs from an infinite depth. They could not understand all it said, but they could one thing, and that was, “ I love.” “ Was it not rather strange of Mr. Faram to do that ?” said Leon. “ But it was very nice what he told us, was it not ?” They both thought it was. “ I don’t know how it is,” said Leon ; “ I always used to think I

should go to heaven very soon. Don't you remember how I used to cry that way, Nora? Well, I shall never cry any more. I used to want to die though, then."

"Well, but I should think you would be afraid, Master Leon," said Tom.

"Sometimes I used to think I would not though, Tom. You know we ought not, really, Paul was not afraid."

"Well, but he was so good."

"Yes, he was, Tom. I don't know. That gentleman said Jesus Christ loves us all as well."

"And you saw Paul die?" said Nora.

"Yes. He was quite happy. He liked this picture so much."

"Poor Paul!"

"Yes, indeed, Nora. O, it must be dreadful to be killed in that way." And Leon shuddered. "Well, let us go back. I dare say Mr. Faram was thinking of what to say this afternoon. He'll be gone

by now." He ran to the window, "yes, he is gone." He cast his eye over the glorious prospect. "I am so glad to get back to this window. Don't you remember how you used to go and play, and I used to watch you? Well,—come on." So they went on. They came out on the broad walk, the continuation of the terrace on a lower level. "Here, let's have a glorious run down the lawn!" So they coursed swiftly down and round up again to the little gate. "Hurrah! here we go!" and Leon dashed down the path, escaped the trap he had once fallen into, and, with merry exclamations and glorious fun, they reached a public road near the bottom and crossed into the fields that sloped down to the river. They passed one field, growing more boisterous as they went. "Well, this *is* glorious!" exclaimed Leon, capering about. "Poor mamma, I dare say she would say—Leon, you ought

to walk properly—well, I *can't* walk properly — here, let's have another run!" Thus they crossed the first field. Near the bottom of this was a round knoll, on the top of which they could see all that was going on across the stream; half way down the knoll was the stile into the next field, a long one which sloped right down to the river. They crossed the stile and were then hidden from the river's banks by bushes and trees. They were running down, Leon at their head, when suddenly both Nora and Tom cried out,—“Look out, Master Leon,—look out!—the bull! the bull!” Leon stopped short, and in looking round to them saw at some distance to the left a bull coming rather slowly towards them, with his head lowered, and sometimes tossing it up. Leon ran back to them, and the bull directly quickened his pace. “O, don't run so, Master Leon, or he'll be on us directly,” exclaimed Nora, in alarm. They

were nearly in the middle of the field, but nearer to the stile they had come across than to any other way of escape. "Tom, Tom, we must stand, Master Leon you go behind us. It's best not to run yet." Poor Leon! he was not without spirit, but, sheltered as he had been, how could he be expected to have as much courage as those two hardy children? He did go behind them at first, but then he came out and stood in a line with them facing the bull. The animal had been going more slowly, but at that moment he began to run. The children gave way. "Run, Master Leon," cried Tom; "run for your life!" and then all thought was gone,—it was only a convulsive, panting, horrid struggle. On came the bull, thundering like a tempest, with fearful bellowings, and tail erect. Leon was some distance before, for his speed was much greater. But as the beast gained rapidly on Tom and Nora

they scattered and ran to the right and left. But the bull turned not from his course. With his head to the ground and eyes of fire he thundered furiously on, gaining two to one on the terror-stricken child before him. As the animal had fairly passed her, Nora stopped, gazed after the chase, and then clasping her hands over her head, shrieked out, "O, Tom! his scarf! Leon, your scarf!—your scarf!!" and then, with an agonized cry that blended with one even wilder, fell on the ground. She was not there a moment, but when she rose, the bull was standing still looking over the hedge and still raging furiously. Up the knoll beyond the hedge Leon was lying on the ground. For at that moment the bull had reached him, and, its horns catching in his clothes, it had flung him through the air to the knoll beyond, where he fell with his side against a stone. There he lay with his face to the earth—his forehead resting

on his arm, as he had lain before. How Nora got through the hedge she never could relate. Tom remembers but little more. They reached Leon,—they tried to raise him,—but when they turned his face upward,—the dreadful rolling of the eyes,—the distortion of the features,—the working of the fingers and the feet, and a gurgling sound like a suppressed scream,—struck them with such horror, that while Tom knelt down and bent his head in distraction—Nora for a moment seemed to have lost her reason, she extended her hands and laughed fearfully. But they were not long alone. The first upon the scene were Lord Cloudesly and Mr. Faram, who had crossed the river the moment they heard that shriek. Others were rapidly following, but Mr. Faram instructed Mr. Davies to keep them back, and sent off at once for Dr. Heald. Suddenly Lady Moring appeared coming from

above ; she ran down the slope,—she uttered no cry, she spoke no word, but as she sat down upon the ground and laid her child to rest upon her knees, they barely caught the words, “ My God,—why hast Thou forsaken me ? ” It was manifest that to move him in the slightest degree gave him the most exquisite pain, for he writhed as she raised him, but when he opened his eyes and saw her face he smiled, even in his agony, and murmured forth, “ Mamma.” She found how he could lie with most ease,—she spoke no word save soothing words to him,—she seemed not to know that any were around her. “ Had he not better be carried to the Hall, my lady ? ” Mr. Faram ventured to ask. “ He would die with the anguish, sir,” she said, in a husky voice. “ What is to be done, my lord ? ” he whispered. “ Nay, sir,—have I experience ? Where is this doctor ; will no one bring

him?" Then the doctor appeared running along the bank on the other side, he was amongst them in a moment. He looked at Leon,—he saw where he had been thrown,—at that moment another of those fearful storms of pain wracked his countenance and his frame. He closed his eyes. "O, my God, he is dying;" Lady Moring could not restrain that. Leon opened his eyes and looked at her with deep meaning, but seemed as if he could not speak. The doctor drew Mr. Faram aside. The tears stood in his eyes. "The fact is, sir, I don't know what to do. The child will die in ten minutes, and the agony of moving him is terrible to contemplate to such a child, and so sensitive as he. It seems to me it would be cruelty."—"Dr. Heald, go up to the Hall. Take Mr. Edwards with you, and select whatever means you think most probable, and then come back. If he be so

near death as you say, it *would* be cruelty—but whatever can be done must be done, sir.”—“No, Mr. Faram, I must remain here; I *may* spare him some pangs; but I will describe to Mr. Edwards what I want.”

Calmly and brightly shone the sky, save where, almost over their heads, a white cloud sailed in the clear blue, and above the group, a tree partly threw its shade. Again those eyes looked with deep meaning.—“Whisper to me what you want, darling;” said Lady Moring, bending down. “Paul,” he said;—Tom, who had been unnoticed, threw himself through the hedge, for the bull had been secured, and as old Paul had sat down not far off to wait, he soon came back with him. Leon beckoned him to come close, closer—“I’m going,” he gasped, “to,” he could say no more.

“To the land old Paul loves; a fairer

land than this :” the old man said. “Then fear not, little lamb, for He is with thee ; He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.”

And the old man raised his reverend face towards heaven, his white locks streaming in the breeze.

“ Now, O Saviour, fulfil the promise which thy servant hath made to this lamb in thy name ; yea, Lord, Thou wilt do it, for thus Thou glorifiest thy name.” “ Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus ;” said the minister, behind him. Yet once more the tempest passed over that face and frame ; but as it died away into the untold bliss of ease after tormenting pain, a more than earthly smile played upon his countenance, and the singing of a bird sounded sweetly above. Nora and Tom, and they all, were gathered around while that smile still told of ease and peace, and heaven and Christ. “ Mamma,—I am

His child now.—Mam-ma,” with a lingering on the word,—the smile brightened still,—
“ Paul—Arthur—Jesus—Jesus—Je-sus.”


And so, he passed away.

That night, the moon looked forth on much bitter wailing and silent heartfelt grief. But into that dark room, to which the moon has not yet pierced, what thought can enter, save only the beatings of the universal Heart? Deathlike, on a couch near the window, the silent Lady Moring sits, and still she holds that figure, holy with the light of other worlds, resting on her knees, just as he had expired. O, sacred are the kindly beams that, like soft angel fingers, touch that picture on the table, and then kindle like silver that pale brow and that hallowed smile. Yes, for the two are joined together now ; the Christ of children, and the child of Christ And so, thinking her grief is, perchance, less than that mother's of olden time, and that her child's bliss is great, hope

steals into this mother's sorrow. She will go to him, though he cannot return to her. So, if his living presence can be no longer the sunlight of her day, his heavenly spirit will be the moonlight of her night.

THE END.


AH ! who could properly understand that he was dead ? As by two's and three's the children, and, indeed, all the village, trod softly round that chamber, what was it that made them so hold their breath ? Had Leon grown to something grand, that quite overpowered them ? "But," said they, "he is not here ; he is dead." Then, why is this room so impressive, if all they loved in him, and all they admired, was gone ? O, let us think it true, as we may well believe it is, that he is not quite so far away ; that not altogether has he left that beautiful frame, that still is the radiance of that face, the expression of the spirit, though not now from within, but



the reflection of its brightness, as it hovers lovingly around ; and not of that alone, but of One who walketh with him, circling him with love, and the form of the second is like unto the Son of God. No pomp surrounds him ; but he lies in his simplicity, a little child suffered to go to Jesus. Only on a small table close by, the book lies open at that picture, with the inscription " Leon's Friend."

Try to think of the last parting in the solemn room, when the mother—but I dare not go on. She looked her last upon him, and in her waking hours saw him no more ; but often in gentle visions of the night he looked in upon her soul, and *she* knew him, bright and glorious as he was. Since then, she with him has been made perfect in one with Christ.

But the last soft words, " Jesus, Je sus," still breathed in Lord Cloudesly's ear. They entered into his soul, they touched the deep



mysterious chords, till his whole being joined in that low melody of "Jesus, Je-sus."

And old Paul's great heart, which had not many holds on life, had been sorely rent. Years had softened, not seared, his feelings, for he lived in the perpetual melting music of love. And exclaiming, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace," he left not his treasure behind him, but taking it all away, entered upon his everlasting kingdom not many days after. Not among the least of his joys, was the gladness of those two little cherub faces that met him at the gates.

Slowly the black hearse, with its pure white horses, issued from the stone gateway, and as one or two carriages followed, all black and gloomy, a sound arose from the court, which might have been taken for angel voices, singing—

"Joyful, joyful, joyful,
When we meet to part no more."

'Then the children followed ; the girls all in white, while the boys had white crape round their arms, and tears watered their way on either side as they passed between rows of mourning countenances, to where the river murmured its plaintive song. There was joy in heaven over weeping in the crowded church that morning. And then standing by the stream, after the last solemn words were uttered, when the earth had rattled on the hollow coffin, and the dead rested in sure and certain hope, there arose once more the voices of children, singing—

“ There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.”

“ We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet's sound,
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.”

Sweetly sounded from the girls in white the strange question—

“ What ! never part again ? ”

And, as from verse to verse it was repeated, gradually the multitude around took up the reply—

“ No, never part again !
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, NEVER part again. ”

“ There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers. ”

O, as they thought of the flower Mr. Faram had referred to yesterday, nothing was heard but, even from strong men, convulsive sobs.

“ What ! never part again ?
No, never part again !
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, NEVER part again ! ”

And afterwards, when at last the church-yard was silent, to the quiet heart it seemed

as though, when the ripples approached that holy spot, they murmured their music more tenderly.

There is a youth labouring hard to make himself a minister of God, acceptable also unto men. And when at times he is well-nigh worn out with toil, and success flies his grasp, a voice from out of a childhood not long gone by, murmurs "Jesus, Je-sus," and he still labours on.

Sometimes, when the moonlight streaming, makes that marble monument a lovely dream, Lord Cloudesly stands half gazing on the silver ripples, and half on the living marble. He is clever, becoming renowned amongst men. But he is impetuous, and ingratitude wounds him sore. O, then, when his soul chafes within, and he thinks it is no use trying to do good to men, but that they will praise him if he does well to himself,

whether it be the moonlight speaking, or the sighing breeze, or a voice from the sky, he hears in unforgotten tones, "Jesus, Je-sus," and *he* still labours on.

There is one who moves about amongst children's smiles, as the moon sails among the stars. At times, she thinks of a student with earnest manly face. But, if possible, oftener the voice of other days is heard ; and so her peaceful days flow on.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:—" I love them that love me," and " they shall not want any good thing."

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